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844 When a baby is obviously alive but does not cry or cry loudly, that child "will grow up to be [787] strong."

Following a normal delivery, the midwife washes the infant in tepid water at once and places it on a soft robe. In some cases [824] a plant (*Parosela formosa*) is added to this water "to keep the child from crying." She rubs a mixture of grease and red ocher [823] over the baby's body to keep the skin from getting sore. Next she strews pollen or ashes to the directions in clockwise circuit [788] beginning with the east and holds the blanket and the child to [424] the directions in the same order. Prayers and practices which mark her individually owned rite accompany this procedure. Meanwhile, others minister to the mother. Particular care is taken in cases of prolapse of the uterus to see that the organ is pushed back into place properly.

844 The afterbirth is gathered together in the robe or piece of old clothing upon which the woman has knelt. With it is put the um- 846 bilical cord. These must not be burned or buried. If they are 824 buried and then dug up and consumed by animals, the child is [825] harmed. The approved method of disposal is to place the bundle in a fruit-bearing bush or tree "because the tree comes to life every year, and they want life in this child to be renewed like the life in the tree." Before final disposal, the bundle is blessed by the midwife. To the tree she says, "May the child live and grow up to see you bear fruit many times."[1]

553 At the time of the birth ceremony a name may be suggested [844] for the infant, often by the midwife. However, when nothing unusual marks the birth or distinguishes the newborn baby, the naming may not take place for two or three months. Even when a name is immediately conferred, there is little reason to think that the child will bear it long.

551 When my daughter was born, the midwife gave her a name, but it did 553 not catch on. Then my wife called her "My Daughter." All the others around our camp now do so too. Later, before she is ten or eleven years old, we will give her another name. This is a Chiricahua custom. The baby name is outgrown. One child, for example, is called "Ugly Baby." But she will not be called

[1] One informant claimed that the cord is retained and later eaten by the child, but no verification of this was obtained from others.

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852 There is a ceremony held over a child when it just begins to walk. . . . . Men and women who know how may carry on this ceremony for the child. They get [787] the power through Child of the Water [the culture hero].[4] It is done to keep the [776] child healthy and strong, and because Child of the Water, when he started to walk, had a ceremony like this one.

[574] The family . . . . has to have a lot of meat and fruit ready. A feast is announced just like the one held at the girl's puberty rite. Many are invited. When a boy goes through this ceremony, they call him Child of the Water. When a [776] girl goes through it, they call her White Painted Woman [the mother of the culture hero]. Every child should go through it.

When my son first began to walk, he had a good ceremony. T. and Old Man D. carried it out. They had power from Child of the Water.

[292] D. directed my wife in the making of the buckskin outfit. It has to be made [531] from the skin of a black-tailed buck for a boy. In D.'s ceremony just a shirt and moccasins are made for the boy. For a girl the outfit has to be made from the skin of a black-tailed doe. Crescents and stars and crosses were the designs. The same designs are used on the girl's clothes when the ceremony is for a girl.

[821] They wait for the new or the full moon before beginning this ceremony. This time they waited for the new moon. They start just as early as they can. Early in the morning many came to the place where I lived. We had plenty there [431] for them to eat. We had presents for everyone, too—fruit and tobacco and other things. J. B. helped me with this because he wanted the ceremony held. He is a relative on my wife's side. My father-in-law brought some of these things too, and his sisters helped also. My wife's sisters helped with the cooking.

[526] They had a big hoop-and-pole game[5] going there too. P. and others who knew the ceremony well were off playing this game while they waited for the feast that was to follow.

[788] After some prayers T. marked everyone with pollen. He put some on the head and above the nose of both men and women, the way they do at the girl's puberty rite. This was done just before sunup. At sunrise he took the boy and lifted him toward the east, raising him four times. He did the same to the south and the west and the north. Then he set him down.

852 With pollen he made footprints on a piece of white buckskin just as White
788 Painted Women made them in the story of the killing of the monsters. We took
801 the boy. I was holding him on one side, and T. was on the other. We led him
[773] through these footprints. T. said a prayer about Child of the Water and his first step just as the boy took the first step. He said another prayer for the second step and went on until four prayers and four steps were over. Then the boy took four steps by himself. As he did so, they said, "May he have good fortune." Now we turned the boy clockwise and brought him back, and he walked the four steps in the same way again. Four times we walked him like this. Then we

[4] Actually the rite can be obtained through other sources as well.

[5] For a description of the game see pp. 448–50.

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as frequently as the others. In the two bands which favor the high moccasin, the possession of a pair of this type is a point of prestige: "The moccasin is worn high when you are able to have this kind. All people of influence had them this way." The seam line at the foot, especially on "dress" moccasins, is often painted red, the upturned portion of the toe may be variously painted, too, and sometimes the folded portion of the upper or the entire moccasin is colored with yellow ocher.

When the man is out hunting, raiding, or fighting, he wears a belt of buckskin or rawhide to which a knife sheath is attached, but in times of peace he seldom takes the trouble to don this when he is around camp.

After the spring ceremony the hair is allowed to grow. "We all wear long hair. A person doesn't dare cut his hair off with a knife. He has to take good care of his hair. To cut it brings bad luck. The only time you do that is when a member of your family has died." A man leaves his hair unbraided. He pushes it to the sides, out of his eyes and over his shoulders, and it is held in place by a band which crosses his forehead.

Yucca root, pounded, is used for shampooing the hair. "After washing the hair, they use fat on it to make it stick together. Also marrow from the shinbone of a deer is used for this purpose."

The faces of the men are smooth; all facial hair is plucked with the fingernails as soon as it is noticed, because "the Chiricahua don't like whiskers." There are exceptions, of course. "There is one man who has let his beard grow for good luck. He told me that when he was young he had a dream that he would have good luck if he let his beard grow. He is over sixty years old now and still has a moustache."

At times of dance and celebration a mixture of grease and red ocher is rubbed on the cheeks, and there are other face paints. "Paint is used for decoration when there is any gathering or dance. It can be put on at any time. Sometimes a person puts circles on each cheek; sometimes some other markings. A few put a streak of sticky mescal juice on each side of the face."

In addition to decorative face-painting, there is a great deal of

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One of the reasons for telling the child about the underworld is to warn him of the machinations of ghosts who strive to lure him thither:

This is what I learned from my older relatives. The ghosts are supposed to go around in the early part of the night and then again when it gets on toward morning, from about two o'clock on. That's the old Chiricahua belief.

Toward morning a person will be dreaming. He dreams that ghosts are bothering him. He dreams of the underworld and the people there. Some of them he knows, some he doesn't know. He sees the beautiful land. They offer him food, a piece of yueca fruit or bread. When I was small my father and the older people told me that if I dreamed this I should not accept the fruit, for, if you accept it, it means that you are going to die and go to that place yourself.

The fear of the departed, and especially of departed relatives, plays a conspicuous part in adult life, in ideas of witchcraft, in aspects of social organization, and in shamanism. The basis for this is solidly laid in childhood:

I was pretty thin when I was a child. . . . . I used to be very much afraid too. I was influenced a great deal by the Indian beliefs about ghosts and used to get scared at night. I'd go over to someone else's bed and force myself upon him. Often I'd wake up screaming in the middle of the night, thinking I had seen someone near my bed. I'd dream of ghosts. A face would be bending over me, laughing. It would be just an outline, no features showing.

. . . . I always had a tendency to look back and see if anyone was following me when I was out at night. This is what the Chiricahua call being influenced by ghosts; I must have been suffering from ghosts.

Sometimes the child's panic reaches such proportions that a ceremony must be conducted over him:

Once when I was a boy we children were playing out at night. As I was coming home I felt that someone was touching me. I became frightened, ran home, fell in the door, and became sick. They performed a ghost ceremony over me. The shaman worked a fire drill. The first sparks that came he put in my mouth.[4] I came to my senses. Then the shaman prayed and finally he sang. I was small and do not remember more of the details.

There are cases where a child's ailment, though the symptoms are not so transparent, is finally interpreted as ghost or "darkness" sickness (to use the approved euphemism) and dealt with

[4] An evidence of the opposition of fire and the ghost (owl) which is believed to exist.

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605 If you hide from your cousin, then anything she has, whether it is money or
834 property, or anything else, she will give to you. You can't refuse a request from a person who hides from you. And it's the same for you if she needs anything.

[183] Since cousin avoidance is voluntary, where it will lead to complications or where the individuals concerned are likely to be thrown together constantly, it is seldom begun.

582 If marriage between cousins is prohibited, is it not difficult, in
602 view of the small population, for a young person to find a suit-
769 able mate? Sometimes this problem does arise, and young men have been known to journey far from their homes for the purpose of making contacts which could lead to marriage. That the issue does not become more serious is due to two factors: the mobility and extensive range of these people and their anxiety to eliminate all mention and memory of the dead. Because of the first factor, families, except for nuclear groups of very close kin, tend to move apart and lose contact with each other. And because the names and antecedents of the departed are seldom mentioned, connections between remoter kin are soon forgotten when the families are separated.

605 When circumstances warrant, the cousin avoidance may be
834 terminated and the more ordinary manner of behavior toward a
182 relative of this degree resumed. The details of the procedure are the same as those governing the abrogation of affinal avoidance.[11]

886 *Grandparent-grandchild relationships.*—The wish for long life
481 and old age is constantly expressed in prayer and ceremonial
782 song. The staff on which the old person leans has become a symbol of this concept. As one commentator wryly observed: "They pray for the old age staff. They say, 'Let me be old, let me have the old age stick.' If you have the old age stick that means you have reached a long life. But when they get it, they don't like it."

888 It is considered a good omen if an old person blesses a child or
887 performs a ceremony over him, for even as this individual's pow-
[787] er and ceremony have preserved him to a ripe age, they may pro-
[852] tect the child for a generous time span. The same notion is pres-
[276] ent in the preparation of the first cigarette. "A person's first

[11] See pp. 174–75.

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868 I will continue to make you get up early in the morning just as
882 you do now, but you will have to do more than that. You will become a raid and war novice."

The term that has been translated here as "novice" denotes the status of a youth who is advanced enough in his training to enter the final phases of preparation for actual raiding. Some informants use the word only to refer to the participant in the [884] four raid or war expeditions which elevate a youth to the full status of a warrior.

868 The initial training of the novice (using the word in the less
883 restricted sense) does not differ greatly from what has gone before:

> When I was a boy they began training me as a novice. To be a novice means that you cannot disobey but must train yourself as your elders say. . . . . Many a young boy at fourteen was as well trained and dangerous as a soldier.
>
> My father did his best to train me just as he had been trained when he was a young boy. He gave me all the ceremonial training he had once been through himself too. When I was ten or twelve years old he began to teach me and was very strict with me.
>
> He would say to me, "You must have your arrows and your bow where you can grab them. Keep your knife beside you. Have your moccasins ready. Be on the alert in peace or in war. Don't spend all your time sleeping. Get up when the morning star comes out. Watch for that star. Don't let it get up before you do." That is the kind of teaching a boy gets when he is a novice.

868 The reference to "ceremonial training" suggests that more
883 than purely practical measures are involved. The parents pray
782 for their son's success and future safety, and he may be taken to a
756 shaman whose ceremony is known to be of special benefit to novices. "The shaman prays that the boy may be free from [787] harm. A yellow light shines on the boy's head. It follows the boy and makes a circle back to the shaman. That means that the boy will come back safely. The shaman smokes and sings."

868 "At about fourteen years of age the boy starts hunting with
883 the men." Usually an older man who "knows" a great deal about
824 deer goes along and marks the tips of the young hunter's moccasins with blood from the kill.

000 At the conclusion of the training period, some boys, to insure

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At the conclusion of the training period, some boys, to insure their competence in horsemanship, are brought to shamans who perform ceremonies for them originating in supernatural experiences with Bat; for the bat, because of its habit of clinging to objects, is associated with riding ability.

Sweat-bathing is utilized as an aid to fleetness: "Sometimes boys are put in a sweat lodge to make them good runners. They come out and run for about a mile; then they go in again if they wish. It makes them longwinded." In another account it is said that the young men emerge from the sweat lodge and run "while they are still warm." "If a man is training for running, he should keep away from women and should not drink or smoke." However, there is no taboo on the presence of women where youths are practicing running.

As the boy's training advances, the circle of those who are interested in his progress steadily enlarges.

I was a small boy, about nine years old, when I saw this. I remember it well. Many boys in my time saw what I'm going to tell you about. It was just before Geronimo's last war, about 1884 or 1885.

Old Man C. had an orphan boy. He was rearing and training that boy. He had taught him how to ride well. The boy was about fifteen or sixteen years old and was well trained as a warrior. He knew how to shoot an arrow, how to use a sling, how to shoot with guns. He was a good hunter; he could shoot deer. He was as good as the average man, though he was just a young boy.

One man had made tiswin [a weak beer made of maize]. C. went to a crowd of men who were drinking. He said, "I've got a boy. I am his uncle. The boy can ride any horse bareback without a rope on it."

"Well," one man said, "we all like to see things like that. We will bet you two big jars of tiswin. You get that boy; let him ride down that steep hill bareback."

In those days one jar of tiswin was worth a horse, and a horse was very hard to get. That much tiswin was worth a belt and cartridges, or a gun and belt. Guns were hard to get in those days too. So C. told the man, "Give your horse to him. Any side of the hill you want to have him ride is all right."

Nobody knew then that this boy was so well trained. C. had been out training him somewhere away from the rest of the people. The man took the bronco on the side of the hill, and the boy was called over there. The horse had a rope on but no saddle.

Just as soon as C. spoke, the boy would do what he said, whether it was dangerous or not. That boy rode the horse down the hill just like nothing! The horse pitched all around with him but could not shake him off. So C. got the tiswin, and he was drinking and got feeling good.

In those days the warriors never went without their guns. They always car-

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88 193 [198] [793] [481] During the ceremony the girl is constantly attended and advised by an older woman. Because this woman punctuates certain moments of the rite with a distinctive, high-pitched cry, one name for her is "she who makes the sound." The first use of this cry of applause is attributed to White Painted Woman when her son returned to her after vanquishing the monsters. The helper is also known as "she who trots them off," a reference to the ceremonial run on which she sends the girl. For the sake of convenience she will be called "the attendant" in these pages.

The role which the attendant plays in the girl's puberty rite amounts to a separate ceremony which fits, like part of a mosaic, into the ritual whole. These women, when they become too old to carry on their duties further, teach their lore to others and thus perpetuate the office.

[787] [424] Unlike the rites of shamans, the ceremony of the attendant is knowledge which was granted humankind by the supernaturals in the beginning. No personal experience is at its root, and it is simply learned by one woman from another. Once it is learned, it is, however, an individual possession. The woman must be personally approached and asked to lend her help, and she may even refuse to participate. She must always be rewarded if she does perform the function.

[756] [787] The place of the attendant, then, is somewhere between the purely individualistic shamanism which predominates in the religious life and true priestcraft. Even here a suggestion of the purely shamanistic premise persists, for women who "know" a ceremony from the moon or who have had a supernatural experience with White Painted Woman are thought to carry on this ceremony with best results. Although exceptions are reported, the attendant is most often a woman of advanced years, in keeping with the custom of having elderly practitioners carry out ceremonies for younger people.

Within reach of any large encampment are women who have the right to act as the girl's attendant. "The choice of the woman who attends the girl is up to the parents. They can choose any woman they want." The understanding with the attendant is reached well in advance:

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When they are just beginning to talk about the ceremony, the girl goes to the woman who is going to take care of her. She brings an eagle feather to this woman. The girl holds the butt end and motions four times with the tip end of the feather toward the woman. The woman takes it the fourth time. Then the woman will take care of the girl. She will rub her and push her out to run. 881 793

Right from this time the girl calls that woman "mother," even though she is no relative, and this woman calls the girl "my daughter." And they give each other presents throughout life. [571] [431] [608]

The most conspicuous ritualist of the ceremony is one who will be called "the singer" because it is his primary task to superintend the erection of the sacred shelter in which the songs of the rite are chanted and to sing the songs. 881 793 533

The role of the singer also hovers on the border line between shamanism and priestcraft. He does not depend on a personal supernatural encounter for obtaining his songs, nor does he believe that he can intercede for the benefit of the girl through impromptu appeals to supernatural forces with which he is in special rapport: [787]

I became a singer just through experience. I was interested. Every chance I got I sat inside the tepee and sang the songs. I went to the ceremony every time and learned the songs. I connected myself with this ceremony over forty years ago and learned it from the ground up. I approached one of the men who conducted the ceremony and asked for help. The one who is learning to be a singer gets instruction right at the ceremony. When he has enough experience, he conducts it himself. It is very simple. The prayers don't take long to learn. In the course of two or three ceremonies, even, the songs can be learned. I gave no payment to the one who instructed me.

The fact that no payment passed between this man and the one who taught him the songs is convincing proof that the songs are not a personal shamanistic possession but are conceived of as the sacred property of the people as a whole. A shaman seldom parts with his ceremony unless appropriate payment is made both to him and to the supernatural source involved. [424] [756]

In the selection of the singer the greatest forethought is exercised:

Well, suppose you were an Indian here and you had a granddaughter who was growing up. You would come around and say that you wanted your granddaughter to be White Painted Woman. You know me very well, and you say to me, "There are three or four men who know how to sing for this ceremony. Just

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headdress have been made with the big star. Against these diseases I use the [782]
sound of the Mountain Spirit rattling his headdress as he dances to the fire. By [756]
means of it I walk the earth. It drives all evil away. With it I perform this ceremony. With this I walk. That is all.

"They always start to paint the leader first. It doesn't matter 535
who is finished first though." Helpers apply the paint with sticks 302
which have been pounded, softened, and sometimes turned back [413]
at the end. Even the finger is used if the work has to proceed
quickly. The helper, who has seen the masked dancers of this 535
shaman perform many times and may have acted as dancer for the 302
shaman himself, is usually familiar with the designs. What in- 756
formation he lacks is supplied by the shaman. Often masked
dancers assist in painting each other.

Anyone can help the shaman paint the dancers. The shaman sits there and tells them what to do. Sometimes he paints too. When he has several men around, he will have everybody working on them. He will be singing and praying while they do it. I've never asked about this part. They start painting in the late afternoon. It takes some fellows longer than others. It doesn't make any difference whose masked dancers are first on the grounds below.

I painted masked dancers once. I was already painted myself and ready to go out. They were a little behind. I just went over and put the marks on one of the fellows to help out. I went ahead and did it while the shaman was there singing.

During the painting the shaman sings, beating a pottery drum 535
with a curved drumstick. Should these songs not be sung in the 302
right way, "the masked dancer would fall down like a man 533
knocked out by a blow if he should touch another masked dancer 756
down on the grounds." According to one masked-dancer sha- [534]
man, his songs "call on the Mountain Spirits to give the dancers endurance," and so his dancers are able to "stay in there a long time."

These songs which accompany the painting of the dancers are 535
sung as memory and convenience dictate. The allusions in them 533
are to the themes associated with the ceremony, to the "holy [302]
home" where the ritual was learned from the resident Moun- [787]
tain Spirits, to the sounds made by the pendants of the head- [776]
dress and kilt as the dancers trot to the fire, to the cardinal [823]
directions from which the Mountain Spirits guard the Chiricahua
against all sickness and danger. The prayer or softly and quickly [782]

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FOLK BELIEFS, MEDICAL PRACTICE AND SHAMANISM

FOLK BELIEFS, MUSCULAR TREMORS, AND DREAMS

ALL items of belief are by no means of equal importance. They range in significance from the trivial to those basic for the ceremonies. Many of them are of no great moment and, indeed, may be uttered half in jest.

They say in the way of a joke that you get a rash from giving things and taking them back all the time. You have to put ashes on the rash, which is called "lice sew you up." If you are stingy, the person from whom you take things says, "I wish you'd get warts" [such warts should be cut off with sinew], or, "I wish you'd get the rash."

Sneezing, which indicates that "someone is thinking of you," may also be treated jokingly:

Upon sneezing, they say, "I am still here for you," or, "Sometime we will see each other again, sweetheart." Once two old men and I were together. One sneezed, and he made this remark. The other told him, "Nobody is thinking of you, you old fool! All that means is that you're catching cold."

Yet some regard the sneeze as an ominous sign and pray to the culture hero or exclaim, "May it be well!"

When the ear rings, "someone is talking about you," and young people think the speaker is one of their admirers. Some persons regard a frequent buzzing in the ear as a sign that good news will be heard; others say it is the calling of a dead relative. A burning sensation in the ear is a harbinger of cold weather.

Rings around the sun and moon indicate change of weather, rain, or snow. Rain will come if a horned toad or a snake is killed and turned on its back, if a dog rolls on the ground, if there is a good deal of drumming in the camps or much singing of masked-dancer songs. Smoke from a big fire kindled on a still night will cause clouds to gather. The crescent moon "is draining" when its tip is pointed downward, and rain falls. "A dark, heavy, pouring rain is male; a light rain when the horizon seems bright nevertheless is called female rain."

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nevertheless is called female rain." To stop rain or snow, lice are hunted and tied to a rock with sinew; or an individual may draw a charcoal ring around his anus and lift his buttocks to the sky to bring the sun out. Sudden storms are regarded with fear. "If it doesn't look like rain, but then the wind and dust come up suddenly and it starts to rain, it brings news—bad news of death. If someone is very sick and this happens, it means he won't last. I have seen it happen."

Various things are seen in the half or full moon, the most common being walnut or cottonwood trees and a human face. Some persons think that watching the sunrise or sunset colors will cause sickness. Warts are also the penalty for pointing to heavenly bodies with the fingers; only the thumb may be so used.

Pulling out gray hair is said to make it grow faster; it is also held that one who brings water and drinks first himself will grow old quickly. It is forbidden to step over a person who is sitting or lying down: "If someone starts to step over you before he sees you, he has to go back. If he has already stepped over, he has to step back." Because it "may cause a severe pain in the stomach, food which is being cooked is not stirred with a knife." Eating frogs can result, it is thought, in bowlegs. Blood and tobacco are considered incompatible:

> My people don't want any blood around when they smoke. If there is blood on the hands, they will get it off before they smoke. If a person has a knife with blood on it, he cleans it up or puts it away before he smokes. He will have bad luck otherwise.

Much of the cosmology is expressed in terms similar to the beliefs already enumerated. Thus, the pitching of a flour-laden burro explains the Milky Way; an earthquake is the crying of the earth over an approaching epidemic; eclipses, either of the sun or of the moon, warn of epidemics also and necessitate a masked-dancer ceremony to ward off the disaster; a shooting star points to an advancing enemy; of a cloudburst it is said, "The sky is old and has split there; when it is sewed up it will be all right."

Of greater significance than such beliefs is a diagnostic sign, a muscular tremor, which few fail to heed at some time in their lives:

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787 This is the unknown force, the power, that causes the twitching of the flesh anywhere on your body. Some people have it near the eye, some at the foot, the shoulder, or on some other part of the body. The Chiricahua believe in this as an indication of what is going to happen. A man is starting out on a trip by horse. If he gets the tremor and it tells him not to go, he turns back until another day. It is often the determining factor in a person's life. It shows ou some special event. A person may occasionally get it in various parts of the body, but he knows of a special place that has a meaning for him. Some believe in this more than they do in the shaman. To some this is the real power. People find out by experience what their tremor means.

[763] I know that certain signs mean certain things. I get it under one eye. It means someone is going to die. I had it for two days at the beginning of the girl's puberty rite. Soon after the ceremony a woman died. I mentioned this to another man with whom I was walking. He said he had it there sometimes too and that it was a bad sign for him also. Just two weeks ago I had this sign for a long time. Now I learn that C.'s wife has just died. This trembling under the eye is a general sign, and all agree on its meaning. But I didn't recognize these signs for myself or notice that they were giving information to me until a few years ago. I had had this sign a great deal. I decided to study it and see if it was true. So I remembered whenever I had it, and, sure enough, someone always died a few days later.

. . . . Some people, when they have a bad sign, rub ashes on the place that is trembling. Or they say, "Whatever you are, don't let this thing come to pass." The ashes don't make my trembling stop.

Tribute is paid to the dependability of these signals by another informant:

[782] Muscular shaking is recognized as "that which informs one" in some emergency. When a man is just about to do something that will cost him his life or property, or to make some great decision, if he knows the meaning of his muscular tremor, he will be warned. Some people pray to their muscular tremor. It is so specialized to some that they look upon it as a ceremony for themselves. Some people place more faith in it than in ceremonies.

When you have the shaking on the outside of your legs, it is recognized by everybody as a bad sign. For most people this holds good. A person must recognize what his own tremors mean though. You watch what happens after you get it and then you learn what it was trying to say to you. Pretty soon it is a sure thing to you. The inside of the legs is usually a good sign. If the muscle of the arm [bicep] twitches, it is said that the person will carry a great deal; he will be successful in war.

My good sign is over my right eye. When it is under my left eye, it is surely going to rain. In the old days, during the Indian Wars, when I was nervous and afraid, I would get a tremor on the inside of my leg. Then I would be at peace and go to sleep. It was my sign.

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The warnings of muscular tremor served well in the strife of the seventies and eighties:

Once a bunch of Geronimo's band saw C. and his wife working in the distance. They planned to catch C. and force him to go with them. All of a sudden they saw C. and the woman drop everything, jump on a horse, and head back toward the reservation. Many years later someone reminded C. of this. They asked him what warned him. He said, "Oh, yes! I remember the time. I was working and all of a sudden I got a muscular tremor sign which I knew from experience meant, 'Something bad is going to happen. Drop everything!' So I did."

The most prevalent of these signs by far and the ones upon which there is greatest agreement are those which occur on the outside and the inside of the arms and legs and those which are felt above and below the eyes. But personal variation is common too.

While everyone knows of these signs, there is a marked difference in the amount of reliance which each individual places upon them. Most persons accept the warnings gratefully and try to fathom the meaning of unusual tremors to which they are subject. An occasional individual, however, goes beyond this and uses the tremor as a guide to all important problems and as a key to the solution of the perplexities of others who seek his advice. In a time of emergency he appeals to this phenomenon and waits for some sign to govern his actions. He may even have songs and prayers which he directs to the muscular tremor in anticipation of a reply.

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P. believes in this more than in anything else on earth. He says he has lived to an old age with it. When he gets a quivering in the muscle inside the legs, it's very good. When it's on the outside of his legs, it's very bad. It's the same with the arms. Before any important thing he intends to do, whether for himself or for any of his friends in the tribe, or for the whole tribe, he has to ask his sign. He has lived according to the direction of these signs.

I have heard him say, "The sign does not come on just to give you a sensation. It means something. Many of you don't believe in it. I believe in it and I know the meaning of it. It has saved me trouble. Many a time, when I have had a bad sign, I have waited for a good sign before doing something. I have prayed for help to meet trouble when I have been warned. Then I wait for an answer. I get my answer by getting a good sign. Then I go about my affairs." And I know that he prays to Child of the Water and Life Giver about these signs.

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827 This elaborate exploitation of muscular twitching and its use on
• 787 behalf of others departs from the mere reading of diagnostic signs and impinges upon the realm of true ceremonialism.

"The dream and muscular tremor are about the same. They
787 both tell the truth, whether good or bad." The implication is that specific dreams or types of dreams convey definite meanings. This, indeed, is the case, and the most common dream elements upon which there is general agreement are contained in the following summary:

To dream of fire is bad. If you dream of fire, the only thing to do to prevent something bad from happening is to get up right away and start a fire. This takes its place. It rubs it out. I did this down at my old home. I dreamed of a big fire. It was the middle of the night, but I got up, went down to the ditch with boxes, and fired them.

I got sick a few years ago. Before this happened I dreamed of my house. There was a big fire near it. It came close to the house and blackened one side of it. Now my one side is no good. If I had dreamed that the whole house burned, I'd be gone today.

To dream of water, of water overflowing, is just as bad. And there is no way to fix it when you dream of a big flood. I got sick before L. did. So he came to me and put pollen on me and prayed for me. He came and stayed with me that night. During the night I woke up. He was making noises and having a nightmare. He woke up and told me what it was about. He said, "I dreamed that a big flood of water came down the canyon. It came under my bed and washed me away." He died a little later. Fire and water are no good to dream of!

To dream of losing teeth is another thing. It is as bad as anything. And if you dream that buffaloes, bulls, or any kind of hoofed animals are running after you, it is bad. Something bad is going to happen to you then. I dreamed of that just before I got sick and I am not well yet. They say that, soon after you dream this, sickness is coming around you.

Dreams about yourself mean the opposite. If you dream you are going to be sick, that means you are going to stay well. If you dream that you are well, it's not good. I dreamed that I was well. That's why I stay the same way. If you dream that a snake bites you, that's good. It won't happen. If you dream that you die, it means that you will live a long time. If you dream that your father, mother, brother, or sister dies, it doesn't mean that one. It means that someone outside the family is going to die.

If you dream about summer, about everything green, about things growing and fruits and pollen, everything is all right.

In this quotation the speaker fails to include certain dreams that are consistently held to be most unfortunate, namely,

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dreams of the dead and of their return.[1] But from other sources this omission (owing perhaps to fear of dwelling upon such a dangerous topic) is repaired. "If you see a dead person in your sleep, you're not going to last long," said one informant. So feared are such dreams that special precautions are often taken to prevent them: "Clothing, especially moccasins and hats, should not be put above or under the pillow or about the head of the bed at night, for this causes dreams about ghosts."

The importance attached to dreams other than these varies from individual to individual:

> Some people are very much guided by dreams. Some people are recognized as very true dreamers. But I have just ordinary dreams. All my dreams are about raids: I am always running away from Mexicans. I also dream a great deal about dances. I am always in there dancing. I recognize a Mescalero woman in there, and I am always dancing with her. Sometimes I am standing there and I wonder, "Why doesn't someone dance with me?"
>
> My dreams run on the order of war. Long ago the government had Western Apache scouts to track down the Chiricahua. I dream that they are making a raid on my people. I am trying to get away from them. I climb into a tree, and then I always wake up.

Still another commentator disclaimed any reliance on dreams for himself. "I can dream plenty of things, some good and some bad, and I don't pay any attention to them." But this same man admitted that the dream could act as a vision experience and guardian spirit for others, whom he called dream shamans, saying:

> We must be dream shamans, like P., to know what these dreams mean. Only the one who knows, who gets a vision with it, is all right. You can get more of this from P. He's an old man. He's about the oldest man here. He believes his dreams are true. When he dreams about the peccary, it means something bad. When he dreams about deer, it means something good.[2]

[1] There are two kinds of "death dreams." To dream of the death of living persons is made psychologically acceptable by interpreting it to mean the opposite. But dreams of the return or the sight of the dead are among the most harrowing of experiences.

[2] It is interesting that the good omen, deer, an animal much sought by the hunter, should be contrasted with the peccary, an animal that most Chiricahua will not taste.

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Fortunately, the dream shaman to whom reference is made has given an account of his powers:

I have been guided during my entire life by dreams. They have helped me against sickness and against danger. My first dream came when I was but eight years old. In those days there were few white men here and no such thing as a railroad. I dreamed that I was riding on a black cloud. When I awoke in the morning, I said nothing, but I always remembered the dream. When the railroad came, I knew that it must have been a train on which I had ridden in my dream. This was a prophecy, and, although it was my first dream and very long ago, I have always remembered it.

I never think about dreaming before I go to sleep. The dreams always come unawares, and, whenever there is danger ahead, I dream a warning. Whenever someone is sick, I dream of what plant to use as medicine. In case of danger I used to see the enemy leader face to face, and he would tell me when the battle was to occur. In sickness I would actually see the plants to use. All my dreams have come true. I consider myself lucky and ascribe my present age to dream help. I have been in many battles, but my dreams have told me what to do, and so I have never been wounded. I tell my close friends about my dreams and help them too. I must be a shaman or I couldn't dream this way.

I can dream and see who is a witch too. Once at Fort Sill, in a dream I saw a bunch of men walking along over rocks and chewing them like bread. I knew they must be witches, because who else would chew rocks? I couldn't recognize the men because their backs were toward me, but I knew they were Chiricahua.

The most vivid dream I have had occurred when I was traveling with a group. One night I dreamed that there was a great number of soldiers coming from the east. Their leader rode at the front of the troop and came directly up to me. I asked the leader where his men were going, and the soldier answered that they were coming right to the point where the Chiricahua were, that they had orders and had to come. The leader spoke his own language, but I understood nevertheless. That ended the dream, and I awoke.

The next day, in the morning, we saw a large group of soldiers coming from the east. Before they got near we mounted and rode to a near-by mountain. From the mountain we watched the soldiers and noticed that they stopped right where our own camp had been. They made camp and stayed until noon. So everyone saw that my dream came true. The soldiers were too many, so we didn't attack them. Besides, the leader didn't tell me in the dream that we would fight; otherwise there certainly would have been a battle.

The last dream I had was about my grandson. He had been to school and had caught tuberculosis, and, when they thought he wouldn't live, they sent him back here. They took him to the place where his other grandfather lived. At that time I lived there too.

I prayed for the boy every night for a week. After the week was over, I had a dream. I dreamed that a huge deer was approaching the place where the boy lay.

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It came from the east and kept approaching him, then backing away, approaching again, and backing up, and kept doing this.[3] I tried to chase the deer away with a stone, but it wouldn't leave. After the dream, the boy began to get well at once. I believe that, when I dream about a deer acting in such a manner, the sick one begins to get well and is safe. After the boy began to rise from his bed I kept praying for him, and he got better and better. He regained his appetite and got well.

Not only does this man use his own dreams for revealing the future and for curing but he is consulted when someone who is not a dream shaman has a disagreeable dream: "Not long ago D. had a bad dream, and since that time he has been meeting with P., and P. has been singing for him."

Not all persons who enjoy a special knowledge of dreams use them on behalf of clients:

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I am guided by dreams. That is the only reliable information. I get special knowledge and wisdom in dreams. It is the power of the dream that carries me away and shows me the truth. Other people do not generally know about my power. It is just personal with me. I do not give general advice.

Still, this man's dreams served more than purely individual interests when he learned through them that his brother was in danger:

A long time ago I had a dream telling me that my brother and I were going to be killed in the morning at the time the sun is up just a little and things warm up. The dream told me that the troops were close and that a certain man was causing evil influence over us [sorcery] and was going to cause us to be killed in battle. The way to avoid it, I was told, was to go off before sunset to a spot where the sun, when it rises, first strikes a certain hill. During the dream it seemed that someone was shaking me by the hair and trying to rouse me.

I awoke, went over to my brother who was camping near by, and told him about it. My brother said, "No, I don't believe in these dreams. I have dreamed pretty bad things myself, and often thought I was going to be killed, but I always came out all right." I pleaded with my brother, but it did no good.

I went back to my camp, and my wife went over to my brother and advised him to do as I directed. But my brother told her, "No, he is just dreaming; that's all."

I went up to the place alone and did what had been directed in the dream. I walked in the sunlight to all the directions, beginning with the east and moving sunwise. Then I prayed a little and went back. Soon the enemy came and the battle started. My brother and another man were the only ones killed.

[3] The masked dancers use this same technique in curing (see p. 274).

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But it must not be overlooked that a person's supernatural experiences are often conditioned by his special abilities. Those who excel in warfare, for instance, are likely to attribute their success to supernatural help and to seek evidence that their actions are divinely guided. There consequently takes place a convergence of prowess in war and "power" for war.

Women are not barred from the acquisition of supernatural power. "Women can have any power. I knew a woman who had power from the Mountain People. She directed the making of the dancers, just as any man does. She died at Fort Sill." Few ceremonial privileges are denied to a woman. She may not impersonate a Mountain Spirit or use the sweat lodge. But "there are many women shamans, and they are as powerful as men. Women are capable of conducting ceremonies on an equal footing with men."

The time of the acquisition of supernatural power.—Mundane knowledge alone is not considered a full guaranty of a satisfactory life. "The Apache has help for everything against which he has to contend." "We have shamans for all purposes. There is a ceremony for nearly everything in life. There are ceremonies for sickness, love, hunting, war, and so on. All these are recognized."

It is understandable, therefore, that every individual should anticipate the time when he will gain strength beyond his own or any human resource. The need for such assistance is sometimes felt very early in life. It will be remembered that a dreamer to whom reference has already been made placed the first dream to which he attributed importance at about his eighth year.[1] Another whose dream assumed ceremonial significance likewise experienced it during childhood:

> When I was a young boy, I had this experience and I was told that I would live to be an old man. Old age was promised to me, and I got it. The power told me, "You shall see your country again, but you shall be alone." I have lost my family, all except two boys. The power told me, "When you get old, you can tell about the ceremony." That is why I tell you this.

In another account two children, "a girl about seven years old and a boy a little bigger," acquire power.

[1] See p. 192.

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855 778 787 789 756 Despite these several instances, to obtain a ceremony before or at the age of puberty is the exception rather than the rule. Since most children are without supernatural protection of their own and are, furthermore, particularly susceptible to certain kinds of "evil influence," their parents and other close relatives assume responsibility for them and provide them with amulets, arrange crisis rites, and hire shamans for them when necessary.

778 787 585 756 But whether or not an individual has formerly been concerned about supernatural aids, he seldom ignores them after he enters into the marriage relationship, for now he must afford supernatural protection to others, just as it was provided for him. Time after time, when supernatural power approaches someone and asks what is desired, the person is represented as replying, "Something good for my children in this world," or, "Something to help my family."

Encounters with supernatural power, then, can occur at almost any moment in an individual's life, but relations with power and the use of power are essentially adult pursuits, of immediate survival and social value to the newly married in their hope for a stable and fecund union.

756 798 *Supernatural power obtained by direct experience.*—No matter how eager a man is to acquire a ceremony, the first gesture is always attributed to the power, for power requires man for its complete expression and constantly seeks human beings through whom "to work."

> It seems that these powers select for themselves. Perhaps you want to be a shaman of a certain kind, but the power doesn't speak to you. It seems that, before power wants to work through you, you've got to be just so, as in the original time. You've got to believe in things as in the old days and carry everything out.

Not only does power come unbidden but it has more than one way of making itself manifest:

> Some hear it; the power speaks to them. Power usually comes in a voice to the one who is getting a ceremony. The songs and words are from the power that gives the ceremony. A person doesn't fast or prepare for it. It comes on him. Sometimes it appears to a person in a vision. F.'s vision went around the dwelling like a blessing.

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your power, why didn't you come before my boy died? I needed it then; I suffered. Now I have nothing to live for. Your power is of no use to me now." And he told Buzzard to go back to the place from which he came. Then Buzzard disappeared.

But in most instances the offers of supernatural power are accepted. The source of power may approach in a dream or, if the person is ill or overwrought, in a vision. But dreams of the acquisition of power are not classified with ordinary dreams and, indeed, are not interpreted as dreams at all. Of the experience with the buzzard just recounted, the informant said, "This was no dream either, because a man can tell the difference." If a person is asleep when supernatural power attempts to contact him, he considers that the power awakens him and that what follows is a real occurrence.

Power first makes its presence known by the spoken word, by some sign, or by appearing in the shape of some bird or supernatural. Whatever its first guise, it later assumes a human-like form and converses with the chosen individual. If the person approached is responsive, the details of the ceremony which he is thereafter to conduct are revealed to him, usually at the supernatural home of the power, within or near some well-known landmark.

This "holy home" is of the greatest religious significance to the shaman. He describes its beauty and wonder in the story he tells his patients of the origin of his rite and sings of it in his songs. It is a concrete evidence of his experience. If he feels that his power is dissatisfied with him or that it is deserting him, he journeys to this place to pray and to receive some reassuring sign.

The first trip to the holy home is the means, often, by which the power tests the faith of the novice and determines whether he is the kind of an individual through whom it should work. Frightful animals guard the portals through which the candidate is conducted; insecure bridges, steep inclines, and forbidding elders challenge his way. But, if desire for a ceremony is strong enough, he reaches the very center of the power's abode and gains the knowledge for which he has come.

Here are revealed to him the songs, prayers, and ritual ges-

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tures of a ceremony. He learns what functions the rite can perform, what ceremonial presents to request from those in whose behalf it is exercised, what restrictions to impose on patients, what design elements, what paraphernalia, what sacred substances to employ. He may be advised to wait a certain number of months or years, or until he receives some signal from his power before using the ceremony. Therefore, "even a man's wife may not suspect he knows the ceremony" until the auspicious moment arrives.

After the ceremony has been learned and the understanding with the power source has been established, the new shaman is conducted to the point from which he started, or he finds himself suddenly transported there.

The nature and sources of supernatural power.—Supernatural power is, in the largest sense, the animating principle of the universe, the life-force. Again and again, shamans have terminated a discussion of the authenticity of power by exclaiming, "It is alive! It speaks to me!"

Since it is the office of beneficial supernatural power to perpetuate life, it must find ways in which to heal, warn, and guard mankind. These mediums are the familiar channels—the animals, the birds, the personified supernaturals, and others. The manner in which some of these channels themselves contribute to life and health is self-evident. Venison is a staple necessary to maintain life. Therefore, supernatural power working through the personified essence of the deer is a logical source of a ceremony to make the deer obedient to human needs. Or, since the mountain lion is a mighty hunter, power obtained by contact with the personification of this animal may be useful to the same end.

But the maintenance of well-being is not alone a matter of procuring food. Inimical forces and creatures must be counteracted. When, for instance, someone has been bitten or frightened by a snake, a snake shaman is hired to use a ceremony derived from a supernatural experience with Snake to force the reptile to repair the damage it has wrought. This lends a homeopathic flavor to the ritual practices, in which a snake ceremony

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756 is expected to cure snake sickness, a horse ceremony is used for
755 anyone thrown from a horse, and a deer rite is employed to bring
825 luck in the hunt. However, the horse shaman may feel that his ritual can do other things besides procuring new horses, finding lost ones, and healing those injured in mishaps with horses. The logic of some of these extensions is not always self-evident.

756 The medium through which supernatural power appears to a
778 person is always considered by him to be "alive" and capable of active communication with him. But this does not mean that only animate beings, in the ordinary sense of the word, are considered as possible sources of supernatural power. Any object or force of the external world is potentially animate for the candidate for supernatural power. Moreover, some object which is alive and communicative for one person need represent no such qualities for another:

[823] Some say that the earth talks to them. They get their ceremony from that. Some say the wind has life. Some say the mountains, like the San Andreas, have life. Anyone who gets power from it says, "That mountain talks to me." The old people tell stories that show that all things have life—trees, rocks, the wind, mountains. One believes that there is a cliff where the Mountain People stay and that they open the cliff and talk to him. I have heard old men say that trees, rocks, and mountains have life.

[827] An instance of the latitude permitted in such assertions is the
• [789] case of a man who claimed to receive special knowledge from his own anal flatulence. This evidently acted more as a sign, comparable to muscular tremor and the dream, than as a true ceremony. Yet a number of informants have seen in this man's abil-
[525] ity a variety of supernatural power. At any rate he is alleged to have used it in games of chance.

In spite of such novel developments, the revelations of power tend to cluster about certain familiar animals, natural forces, plants, and supernaturals.

There is no definite arrangement of powers in order of efficacy. Power derived from "a little thing"—an insect, for instance—may prove to be of inestimable value. And, since the effectiveness of power depends so much upon the relations between the shaman and the source, the same kind of power—from lightning,

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let us say—may be considered appreciably stronger when practiced by one person than when used by another.

The relation between the shaman and his power source.—The prayers, songs, and material elements of a ceremony are not in themselves effective, and the simulation of power is most hazardous:

I might make headdresses the way my father does and imitate him, but I wouldn't have his ceremony. It wouldn't do me any good. I couldn't cure anybody with it, not even myself if I was dying.

Power is dangerous if you try to use it and don't know how. Then you go crazy and jump into the fire or jump off a cliff or stab yourself or lose yourself so that you die wandering around the mountains.

A certain man's wife was jealous because he danced with a girl at the social dances. She used a ceremony on him so that he would never dance with this girl again. But she had never learned this ceremony properly. It was her father's ceremony, and she imitated what she had heard, but she didn't know enough to do it right, and her husband went crazy.

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The ritual details are important not because they cure in themselves but because the power, as soon as a shaman begins his rite, is expected to recognize its own songs and prayers and to honor its pledges. Often, after the opening events of a ceremony, a shaman will pause for some word or sign and then reassuringly tell his audience, "My power hears me."

In order to maintain the good will of his power, the shaman must observe its rules. The person who fails to live up to his part of the power relationship agreement runs the risk of alienating the power and inviting retaliation.

The old men told us that if the power likes you and wants you, when you take up the ceremony you learn it fast. If power doesn't want you, you'll never learn it. It is hard and there are often many rules. If you violate them, power gets after you. It's like taking an oath. You take an oath to the power, and then, if you break it, power gets after you and your family.

If a shaman makes a mistake, it won't affect him or his family. But the power he represents gets after him and calls him down. "I never told you to do it that way!" it says. Then the power gives him another chance. If the shaman always makes mistakes, he may get sick and die, for the power gives him up. If you disobey your power, something will happen to you. It is dangerous. A man who does his ceremony wrong all the time might be killed when at war; his power might let this happen.

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Power is bitterly resentful if its ceremony is conducted in a slovenly or erroneous fashion, for this is evidence of little interest and faith.

It must not be thought that a shaman is concerned with his power only at times of ritual or when he is in communication with his supernatural guardian. This relationship invades every realm of interest and activity. One man, who has a ceremony from Lightning, tends to interpret everything possible in terms of it. He even sees a lightning symbol in the zigzag lacing of the child's cradle, a point that no one else seems willing to concede. Elsewhere I have indicated how the nature of a man's ceremony and power source may even affect the manner in which he relates traditional legends.[8]

In the course of a rite a constant interchange between the power and the shaman takes place. "A shaman with masked dancers does not paint them just the way he wants to. Every time he wants to paint, a picture comes before his eyes and tells him what to paint."

The shaman is the custodian of the songs and ritual with which he has been intrusted. It is his obligation to see that they are not inappropriately used. "If a man has a ceremonial song and his power has told him to sing it a certain way, he doesn't want anyone else to sing it, and he will tell him it's wrong if he tries."

It not infrequently happens that the power and the shaman discover that on some specific issue they have contrary aims or interests:

The old people say that a shaman often falls out with his own power. Many stories have been told about that, all of them true. After many years, the power will ask some shamans to sacrifice some of their best friends or the very ones they love best in the family. That's what they say.

There was one man who was a war shaman. He was well protected by his power. Once he had his own group of men ready to go into battle. Usually before going into battle, he would sing for his men and pray for them so that nobody would get a wound. This time he was praying for his men who were going into battle. All his warriors were sitting around him that night. He had never kept

[8] "Three Types of Variation and Their Relation to Culture Change," in *Language, Culture, and Personality; Essays in Memory of Edward Sapir*, pp. 146–57.

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anything about his ceremony secret from his warriors. He always told them, "Go right in and fight. Nobody's going to get killed or shot. Go right in. That's what my power says." 756 778 726

That night during his ceremony for the next day's battle his power told him, "Tomorrow I'm going to take two of your very best men during the battle." It called them by their names, the two best warriors. 787 782

So right there he told them, "You two men are to be killed tomorrow. That is what my power says." Then he kept on with his ceremony. He was angry with his power.

But his power said, "This must be done. I have helped you and have done everything you asked for up to this time. Now you must do what I tell you."

This man answered his power, talking so loud that everybody heard it. They say he waved his hand over his men to cover all of them. He said, "These men and their families, I love every one of them. I want to see them as long as I live. I will not let you have any of them. I will not agree with you. I must tell you that right now." He was very angry.

His power said, "It must be done." And he told it, "It's not going to be done!" He was fighting it.

The power told him again, "It must be done." And he said, "If you think it must be done, take me. Then you can do whatever you want after that. Take me first. If that's the kind of thing you want me to do, take your ceremony back right now. I don't want it. I want to do only good things with it. When I have to pay [you] men, I will not put up with it any longer."

I think this argument ended by the power's saying, "If you don't want anything to happen, don't go into that battle tomorrow." The power is strong in this story. That's the way the old people tell it.

Since the value of a ceremony depends so markedly upon the intimate personal relations between the shaman and the supernatural source, anything that interferes with the clarity of purpose of the shaman gravely weakens the rite: 756 778 787

The only thing the old man told me was this: "The older you get, the weaker you become with your ceremony. Your mind is weak. Your praying is mixed up. You get the lines in the wrong order in the songs and prayers. Your voice is weak in praying. Your voice is feeble and you can't sing as you used to. You can't have a good vigorous talk with your power any more." [886]

And because the efficacy of power is so completely linked with this mutual confidence, any rupture of this relationship may result in the withdrawal of supernatural support from the shaman:

Sometimes the power of the shaman just goes, all at once. E. is a member of the Central Chiricahua band. I knew him when I was a boy. I lived right in the same place. He is my cousin (our fathers were brothers, sons of the same

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756 778 787 mother). F. lost his power over twenty years ago. Maybe he misused it. Maybe the power didn't want to use him any more. When they don't get any response from the power during prayer or the ceremony, they know the power has gone. If things are working well, a shaman will get a response to prayer; he will hear a voice. . . . . I know many people here who used to be shamans but are not now. If power begins to weaken, nothing can be done about it; it just goes and can't be kept strong.

Another informant, however, felt that waning power might be restored to the shaman:

Any shaman, even if he has had strong power that spoke to him, may feel that it has deserted him. Then he goes out to a lonely place and calls on his power. [788] He puts pollen on his forehead and chest and prays. He never tells what he says to [illegible] but it may come back to him then.

756 778 424 796 *The transmission of ceremony.*—It is also possible to gain supernatural power and a ceremony by learning it from another. How can the transfer of power be reconciled with the emphasis laid on the close association of the shaman with the power that has spoken to him? No inconsistency is involved; these two basic methods of acquiring ceremonies have been skilfully blended in theory and practice. To the question, "Could a man go to one who had power and learn his power from him?" an elderly informant replied:

That is hard. Wind said to lightning, "See that mountain over there. If I want, I can split it in two pieces." Lightning answered him, "I also can split that mountain in two pieces." They both had power to do the same thing, but the power of the wind is not the power of the lightning. Neither is one man's power the power of another man.

Still, if you go to an old man and this old man teaches you the observances over and over, and if the man's supernatural power is pleased with you, you can obtain the power that the old man has. But if the source of the old man's power does not want you, nothing you can do will help. The old man goes out alone and asks his power, and, if it is pleased, pollen is put in your mouth. Then, no matter how many songs there are, you learn them all without difficulty.

He [the shaman] does not lose power by sharing it. But he usually does not share it until he is too old to practice much longer or is going to quit.

The same subject is treated in another statement:

Many of the ceremonies are passed along. They go from father to son and from one relative to another, although they can go to those who aren't relatives too. About half the ceremonies in use are got in this way. But even if a person wants to learn the power and the shaman is willing to teach him, often he cannot

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Theoretically, no shaman is obliged to accept a call for assistance that he does not wish to honor. In practice, however, it is very difficult to turn away the sick person or his relatives, particularly if the request is attended by a prescribed ceremonial gesture, is expressed in language of great humility, or if relationship terms are employed in the asking.

An individual who shows initial reluctance to demonstrate his ceremonial knowledge may achieve signal success as a result of his first public venture. He is then likely to lose his shyness and to accept cases at frequent intervals. There are others who are more than willing to earn the rewards that come to a successful practitioner. They wear conspicuously amulets suggestive of their power and are ready to tell about their vision experiences and their ceremonial triumphs. They accept any reasonable case and make of their rituals a dramatic display.

The functions of supernatural power.—Besides its general function as a guardian spirit, the most frequent use of supernatural power is in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. There is no separate class of diagnosticians or shamans who consult their power solely to learn the cause of illness and the identity of another practitioner to cope with it. But sometimes "a shaman can tell you beforehand whether he can do you any good." If there is doubt concerning the cause of the sickness and the pertinence of a particular ceremony, a pragmatic attitude is assumed:

> Both R. and A. sang for me. They kept singing because they did not know what I got sick from. If what they know is the right thing, it cures it. R. sang lightning songs, for he knows that too. He sang for nine days. It usually lasts four days, but if you don't know what a man is sick from, you keep on until you find out sometimes.

During the curative rite, when the shaman is receiving instruction from his power source concerning the best method to combat the sickness, he often obtains additional information. Some of it is of a prophetic nature, picturing the future state and fortunes of his patient. This is considered cogent material to introduce, especially if it suggests that the sick person will recover. Sometimes the predictions shed light on the affairs of some of the onlookers too. This acts as testimony to the effectiveness of the

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power and to the close understanding the shaman has with it. Such prophecy has its therapeutic function, too, for the religious zeal of all present is important in the successful outcome of any rite.

Supernatural experiences often bring to those who undergo them special abilities and techniques which may be used quite apart from any rite. It is not unusual to hear that a person possesses great bodily strength because his ceremony comes from Bear, that one who "knows" Bat is an excellent horseman, or that a man's speed and endurance date from his acquisition of power from Goose. It is often claimed that one who knows sun and moon power is able to look down upon distant events. Of a certain man, it was said: "When he went a long distance, he sang a song. In it were the words 'Near, near.' Then he got there sooner. He had songs for going a long distance and a short distance."

Another office of supernatural power is to bring success--success in war and raid, in hunting, in love, in games, and in many of life's endeavors. The degree to which it has guided his efforts to acquire stock and to deal with the enemy was related by one man:

> Power told me that I was to get something if I went out on the raid. If I go out and look for something, my power gives me the ability to get horses and mules. The power sends me out and tells me, "You are going to get this."
>
> My power told me that the enemy was coming. It told me, "If you want the enemy to see you, they are going to see you. If you want to see the enemy, you will see them. If you don't want to meet the enemy, they will swing around the other way."

The location of lost persons and lost or hidden objects is an important service performed by supernatural power. Usually power guides the shaman's hand in the direction of the object or person to be discovered. The ceremonial procedure, designated "it moves the arms about," is employed also in locating a foe. Usually the shaman stands, praying and singing, with arms extended, while the supernatural power moves him in the fateful direction. In ceremonies to find missing persons shamans use articles of clothing belonging to the one sought. Songs, prayers, or ritual acts carried on over the garments exert a controlling influence on the lost individual.

There are other ceremonial means of finding the enemy:

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A shaman who got his power from a star could locate the enemy by making a cross of ashes on his left hand and holding it up to the star, the morning star. This was much used in war. Sometimes the cross was traced in pollen, or abalone shell was held aloft in the hand. Then a flash of lightning in the direction of the enemy appeared. 756 778 789 [787]

Fugitives can be found and halted by ceremonial methods too:

A young man killed his wife and ran away. Her relatives were looking for him. Finally they found his track. They brought a ceremonial man to it. "I'll make him come back," he said. He knelt down, put pollen on the man's track, and prayed and sang. Then he put his hand in the track and turned it. "He can't get away. He will be back," he said. In two days this boy came to his stepfather's camp. They were waiting for him and caught him.

Of great consequence is the function of power in weakening the enemy and in providing invulnerability from attack: 756 778 789 726

One time they all saw the enemy coming, and the enemy saw them. The shaman said to the people, "I am going to make them disappear, and we shall disappear from their view also." Then he told the people to go behind a hill so they couldn't see the enemy. He alone stood on top of the hill.

After about twenty minutes the shaman told them all to come up again. When they came up, there were only cattle grazing around where the enemy had been. The shaman told the men to herd the cattle, drive them to the river, and shoot them and eat them there.

When it became apparent that the Mexicans and Americans were menacing invaders, the ceremonies to influence the enemy were extended to cope with them: 756 778 789 648

C. was going into Chihuahua. He wanted to go to a certain Mexican town. He knew the ceremony of Cloud and started to perform it. Cloud told him not to use it but to use the ceremony to influence the enemy which he also knew. So he did. Then he went right into the town.

The mayor was surprised to see him come. "Aren't you afraid? Don't you know we kill all of you Indians?" he asked C. "I'm not afraid. What should I be afraid of? I have done nothing against you," C. replied. And no harm came to him.

. . . . K. got into some trouble. He had to run away to Oklahoma. He came back afraid, for the agent had said he would fix him when he got hold of him. So he hired a woman to pray for him and influence the white man.

She walked up the road behind him praying. Then she said, "All right, go ahead and see the agent." Then she turned off the road. K. went right on to the office. The agent did not seem angry with him. In fact, he was glad to see him. It surely does influence them!

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Now that the people lead a more settled life and raise stock, there is a real need for dogs, and the feeling against touching them no longer exists. But they are still regarded with some suspicion. "It is not liked if a dog sits on his haunches before you, looking the other way. It's a bad sign. For some reason, dogs are not allowed around the hoop-and-pole game grounds either."

[787] [526]

825 [752] [755]

Snake.[11]—There is, of course, some danger of bites from rattlesnakes, but it is not this alone that is feared. The bite, in fact, is treated ceremonially like any other manifestation of snake sickness. When a snake is accidentally encountered, it is accorded the greatest respect and is referred to by a relationship term:

825 601

If a person who does not "know" Snake sees one, he says, "My mother's father, don't bother me! I'm a poor man. Go where I can't see you. Keep out of my path."

You always want to be patient with the snake, and whenever you happen upon one you want to give it good words. Say, "I want to be friends with you, so you must not do anything to hurt me." Whenever you talk to it, say, "My mother's mother, I don't want to see you anywhere I go. You must stay out of my way. You must remain in the ground. There are many people on this earth traveling everywhere."

825 753

It is not surprising that the snake, which sloughs its skin, should be held accountable for serious skin ailments of all kinds:

Snakes have evil influence. The snake has the power to make you sick if you handle him. He causes your skin to peel. The snake is an animal, but at the same time he has a supernatural influence about him that is very bad and very powerful. All snakes are classed the same way.

We are not so much afraid of the snake as we are of the owl or the coyote which we can't fight back. But we don't like to handle snakes or the shed skin of a snake. It causes sores on the inside of the lips, on the hands, and on the skin all over the body. Sometimes blisters break out. It might cause this right away or sometime later.

Swelling appears as a symptom in a specific case of snake sickness:

[11] The eel is called by the same name as the snake and is classified with the snake.

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This happened to S., and he was a good Christian then. He was asleep by a window. It was at the time of a big snow. That night someone knocked at the window. S. and his wife heard it. At first they paid no attention. Finally S. called and asked who was there. He received no answer. They went to sleep. In the morning they went to the window and saw a track there. S. started to follow it. The trail led to the mountain. He followed it for a while, but he got tired and came back. Tracks like that usually lead to graves.

The greatest misfortune of all is to see the ghost in human-like form and to recognize the actual features:

I have heard stories of persons who have seen the dead. Those who see things like that die within a year. A certain man's wife died. At that time he was well. After her death he saw his wife; she came back and talked to him. She said, "It is a better world where I am. Come on." This man took sick and died a short time afterward. There is no way to protect yourself or prevent your death when a thing like this happens.

Most often it is in dreams that the dead are distinctly seen:

Ghosts appear also in dreams, in sleep. That is the worst form, I guess. You really see them in a dream. I get like that. The door opens and they get closer and closer. I want to get up and fight, but I can't move. I can just say, "Ah!" The Chiricahua say this is ghost sickness. It can make a person very ill. It's a sign of trouble with evil ghosts if you do that too much, and you have to go to a shaman about it.

Sometimes at midnight or toward morning while you are asleep, you dream that a person is choking you. It might be a dead person, a relative gone a year or two ago. If it happens for another night or two, you must go to a ghost shaman. If you see a dead person in your sleep, you are not going to last long, they say.

A dream in which his recently deceased friend appeared before him was described by a much-shaken informant:

This morning about four o'clock I dreamed of Old P. standing at the door. I woke up frightened and grabbed my wife. Maybe he came back because I sang his ceremonial song. The very night that P. died I dreamed he came to me. I didn't tell my wife because she would have been frightened. But they don't bother me much. I have my cross,[12] and they stay away. P. claimed that he knew nothing but Yusn and Child of the Water.[13]

[12] The cross of the Silas John cult, a modern religious movement which draws in part from aboriginal religious ideas, in part from Christianity. The cross, made of algerita wood, is worn to ward off evil and witchcraft.

[13] The informant here is trying to reassure himself. Since Yusn and Child of the Water are beneficent supernaturals, he is proving to himself that his departed friend can be up to no mischief.

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775 Ghosts are often outspoken concerning their intentions and
• 787 their death wishes. "I dreamed last night of C. who is dead. C. said to me, 'Why don't you hurry up and die?' I replied, 'I don't die because I don't know any false ceremony.' "

Dreams of dead blood relatives and affinities are not infrequent. "I dreamed of one of my relatives by marriage who is dead. I dreamed that she came back and held my grandchildren in her arms. . . . . If anyone dreamed about his dead relative nearly every night, he would cry every day. It makes his heart feel very bad."

The most terrifying dream of all is that in which one accepts food from a deceased relative, for such acceptance, as has already been noted, is a sign of immanent death.

Frequently a person recovering from a serious illness, during which he has lapsed into unconsciousness, tells those about him that he has been to the underworld. In one such case, an old woman is said to have visited the camps of her dead kin. Two young relatives met her and warned her not to accept food at her father's home if she wished to get back to the earth. Though she was urged to partake of the food, she refused and was able to reach the upper world and return to her body once more. The same theme is encountered in another of these tales:

> Once a man who was very sick and out of his head went to sleep. He visited the other world and saw his friends and relatives through a kind of partition. He was offered food that was all laid out and marked with pollen as it is on the fifth morning of the girl's puberty rite. His guide, though his relative and friends urged him to eat, told him not to take the food, as he could not return to this world again if he ate it.

775 The symptoms of darkness sickness usually present a picture
753 of extreme terror:

> If you feel numb around the heart and in the chest, if, when you go to bed, as soon as you close your eyes, something scares you and you get a bad headache and vomit, that is ghost sickness.

> Ghost sickness is one of the easiest illnesses to tell. . . . . It affects the person from the heart to the head and is considered very bad. The one affected has a breakdown. He is afraid to go out in the dark. He is nervous and afraid of the dark. When it gets dark he vomits. Even little children get it.

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Sudden loss of consciousness is almost always attributed to the evil influence of a ghost: 775 753

A person with ghost sickness loses strength and consciousness. A boy got a ghost spell in the afternoon. Before he reached the house he fell to the ground. He got stiff as a board. They ran over to see what was the matter. They rolled him over on his back. His mouth was twisted. His eyes went up. They picked him up and took him home. They poured cold water on him. After that he came to his senses and got up. He was still weak. He got another spell. His mother went out to see a man and brought him over to the house. This man went to work. When he got through the boy was all right. Since then he has been happy.

The disposal of a corpse has its dangers, for "ghosts don't go right down to the underworld; they stay around the place where they died for a while." 764 775

That is why the Chiricahua doesn't want to live in the place where a person has died, or to handle clothes or bedding that were used by the dead person. If you have an experience with a ghost near a place where a certain person died, you know it is that person who is bothering you.

According to one informant, at least, even the ghost which has made its way to the underworld "has the power to come up and go to the place where it died." Yet "you have to go if a close relative in your own family or your wife's family dies. The group you are in comes to help—to help around camp, to help bury the dead, to help burn up things."

Strangers to the deceased may be exposed to comparable jeopardy accidentally. A man may unwittingly camp for the night at a spot which he later discovers to be the deserted scene of a death. If his sleep is troubled by a terrifying apparition, he will suspect that he has stayed too near a burial place. [787]

The inclination of the ghost to linger around its corpse or its grave and to revisit the site of its demise explains the insistence upon hasty burial, the avoidance of graves, and the departure of the bereaved from their former home. It also accounts for the destruction of the personal possessions of the deceased which are thus freed for use in the hereafter. If this rule is violated, the ghost may come back to claim what is his and to punish those who have withheld his property. Moreover, ghosts may be encouraged to appear if the affectional threads that bind them to [768] 775 [152]

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754 K. did not give back the bone. D. looked for it in vain and soon he was unable to talk. He became very sick, was in awful condition, and died in a few days. Before he died, his wife had got sick and died. Before she died, something told her that her husband had witched her but that he would pay for it soon with his own life. The source that had given D. his power punished him. Maybe it didn't want him any more. A man always dies when he loses his objects of witchcraft.

The belief that a witch can accomplish his evil intentions by the power of the spoken word makes it very difficult for an accused person to defend himself adequately. One night while a man was sleeping there appeared before him first an old woman and an old man, both naked, then a young girl and a boy, also unclothed. They ordered him to put out his tongue, which they proposed to cross with pollen, and told him that thereafter anything he said should befall a person, "like wanting him to be killed, would happen that way." This man drove off his tempters, exclaiming, "Go away! Leave me alone! I'm a poor man. If it doesn't do good for my people, I don't want it." Concerning the lesson of this visitation, he added, "That's why a witch will say, 'All right, if I'm a witch, find it; take it out and I'll admit it.' You'd have to take his tongue out. You can't find it on him, but it's there."

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A witch may take advantage of any situation to carry out his purposes. "It causes confusion in the tribe, that witch business. If they were out in the wilds and cowboys or Mexicans killed some of their best men, someone might hold a ceremony and say a witch did it. Many times when a person got sick or died, someone was blamed."

So resourceful are witches that a constant guard against the unexpected must be maintained:

One time C. and I were going along the trail to church. A small bow and arrow were lying there right in the path. C. said, "Someone is witching the trail because we always go through here. If we step on this, something is going to happen to us." He got sticks and carefully carried those things away. Then we went on.

754 *Detection of witches; witchcraft and incest.*—Not infrequently a witch betrays himself by his virulent or aberrant behavior:

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754 [291] one way of finding them out. . . . . They say that a man is surely a witch if he is rich and yet doesn't wear clean clothes."

[147] Though one informant asserted that "witches have a peculiar odor, something like the odor of spoiled meat; if you smell it, it may have a bad influence on you," others rejected this idea.

[262] Sensitivity to elk meat provides a test: "If you are a witch and eat elk, you throw up. Elk meat stays down in a good man."

It is not unusual for a trap to be laid for the sorcerer:

[273] There was a fellow who was considered a witch. You know that tiswin or beer that the Indians make out of corn. One shaman had a root which, if given to a witch in this tiswin or in coffee, would kill him. It wouldn't do harm to any other person. A man told me about this incident who was present when it happened. It was thought that the man to whom this was done was a witch, because shamans had often pointed to him as the man who caused sickness. So this shaman told several people privately that he was going to give the root to the witch in tiswin this time. He told the other people to go ahead and drink the tiswin, for it wouldn't harm them. When the witch came over, some of this root was put in his tiswin. The witch went home and soon had stomach trouble. He died in a few days. Other people drank the same tiswin and were all right.

754 787 The victim's guardian spirit may furnish information about the attacks of the witch:

My children and my wife all died over at the hospital. They died because the doctor can't help them in matters of witchcraft. I could tell by my dream that my wife was witched. In my dream I heard a voice that told me. Sometimes the witch appeared to me in my dream. But I could not stop it. I know who the witches who killed my wife and children were. They are dead now. In my dream I saw that some witches just talk, just go through a ceremony of words, and influence the people that way. Since that time I have not cared much about dreams; I did not care to be notified any more.

75 578 Very often none of the devices enumerated serves to ferret out the evildoer. "A man might be living with a witch and not know it; it might be his wife." The witch who so skilfully masks his identity is exposed only when a ceremony over a sick person is held by a shaman powerful enough to learn the true cause. Accordingly, the most spectacular curing rites are those which constitute a battle, not against natural indispositions nor yet against the evil influence of dangerous animals and forces, but against the sorcerer.

The word "battle" is chosen advisedly. The entire contest be-

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the mortals realize that they have pursued actual Mountain Spirits. "Not long after that disease broke out among them and killed many of them."

The Mountain Spirits are held in such fear and reverence that those who have no ceremony from them are hesitant even to discuss them. One man explained, "I'm not supposed to tell stories about the Mountain Spirits because it is dangerous for me," and another said: "In order to use another word besides Mountain Spirit in the stories, a term 'man from the mountains,' is used. This is put in the story a few times to show that the Mountain Spirits are held in awe and to prevent harm befalling the teller."

Masked-dancer ceremonies, though they may be later taught to others, always originate in a personal supernatural experience. The following account is a good example of the type.

My father is a shaman. He got his ceremony when he was a young man. It was this way. You know that Guadalupe Mountain over here. It is a religious mountain, a holy mountain. My father says that this place is the home of Mountain People. He says a spirit came to him and told him to go into that mountain. Someone talked to him, but he did not see anyone. It was outside the mountain that something, or someone, told him to enter. That was the first time anything had spoken to him; he was getting his first power.

When he thought he heard a voice telling him to go into the cliff, he turned around and started to enter the mountain. The cliff opened like a door. He says that the clown met him at the door. The clown said, "Follow me," and they came to the first outside door. Near by was a great rock turning around and around. They call it by a name that means "rock that swings around together." My father says he was frightened, but the clown told him, "Don't be afraid. You must go through four doors, all different. Don't be frightened because the rock is acting this way." Then he said, "Sh! Sh!" pointing his forefinger at the rock, and the rock stopped. He told my father to follow him. They went on.

They came to the second door. There were two great snakes there, twisting and squirming, and biting at each other. They were guarding the door. They were not really biting each other, just trying to. They were not allowing anyone to pass. The clown said, "Do not be afraid of them." The clown went ahead, and my father was close behind. The clown said again, "Sh! Sh!" pointing his forefinger at the snakes, and the snakes stopped twisting and biting.

So they passed the snakes and went on to the next door, the third door. Here there were two big mountain lions, one on either side of the door. They were trying to keep everyone from going through that door. They had their mouths open, and when they saw my father they were just wild. The clown said, "You must not be afraid; they are not going to hurt you." The clown went on ahead,

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and when he came to the mountain lions, he again pointed his finger, saying, "Sh! Sh!" and they quieted down. My father and the clown went through the door.

Then came the fourth door. There was nobody in there at the door. All these doors were rock. At the fourth door the guide again repeated, "Sh! Sh!" and the door opened. When my father got into the fourth room, it was just as if he were in high mountains.

After the last door had opened, my father looked about a hundred feet away. There was one old man sitting over there. The guide said, "That man is going to talk to you now, and you want to be very careful. He is the leader in this place. We are going to walk right up there, and he is going to ask you some questions in a rough voice, but don't be afraid. Now he sees you coming with me."

So they started to walk up to that old man. He was sitting in a big chair in an open place. He was an old, old man, with garments over his head and all around him. The clown told my father, "When I take you up there I am going to leave you, and he will talk to you. Don't be afraid. He is a kind man."

The clown and my father reached this old man. Then the clown said, "Ready!" and disappeared. This left my father standing there alone before that man, and that old man sat up looking angry. My father was standing right in front of him.

Then the old man said to my father, "What do you want in here? You have no business in here." Then my father was frightened. "You tell me what you want. You are not allowed in here; humans from outside are not allowed in here."

But my father said, "I want to live long in this world, and I want to be blessed. I want to live to be an old man."

"All right, you mean it, do you? You think you are going to be afraid?"

My father said, "I will try not to be afraid; that is not what I am looking for. I am looking for something good for myself and for my children, so that they will have some blessings. I have wanted to go into some holy place like this one I am in now. Will you help me?"

The old man said, "All right. I have talked roughly to you, but I will do what you say. I am a kind man. I have control of this whole mountain." Then my father says he saw some hills all around there.

The conversation went along like this with my father and the old man. "What kind of power do you want?" the old man asked him. "I have some very strict rules, so strict that if you fail, you are going to die. They will harm you, and if you fail them you are going to lose your life or some of your family. I tell you that beforehand. What kind of a shaman do you want to be?"

My father answered, "I can't tell unless I see what you will give me." He wanted to be shown.

The old man said, "You just wait a minute."

Then he got up. He could hardly get up; he was a very old, old man. He walked behind a little hill in there. He came back and took his seat. Then my

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father said he could hear things ringing, drums, and singing just like the masked dancers dancing -Apache drums and singing. He heard it in the east as if many dancers were coming. And then they came in from the east, the clown leading them. Many Indians dressed in buckskin and Mountain People came, dancing. Then they stopped right where he was. All kinds of birds, animals, and snakes came behind the Mountain People.

The old man told him, "These are the ceremonies I have here. Which do you want? Pick out the one you want and don't make a mistake."

When the old man finished speaking, my father said, it seemed that it was the privilege of those animals and Mountain People to say what they wanted to him. One little bird came up to my father and said to him, "I am the greatest power on earth; take me." Then the eagle came up and said, "I am the greatest power here; take me." Then the animals came up, also the snakes, and said the same thing.

My father says he thought of it from the beginning, of how the old man said not to make any mistake. So my father turned around and thought, "These little birds are too willing, and these others are too willing. There are some others sitting over there. I must not make a mistake."

He saw that the Mountain Spirits were the leading ones in there. So my father hesitated and thought, "Well, the clown and the Mountain Spirits haven't said anything to me."

They came around with a drum, with turquoise and a pollen cross on the drum. "The clown and Mountain Spirits say nothing, but they are good," my father thought. So my father turned to the old man and said, "I will take the Mountain Spirits."

That is the way it is today. Just as soon as he chose the Mountain Spirits, all the rest were ordered to go back. Just the Mountain Spirits were left. After all the birds, snakes, and animals were gone, there came many Indians, all dressed just like Chiricahua Apache. They started singing. My father has told me, "I was going through the performance. I got all the songs and designs. For four days I made masked dancers with a different design every day on each one." My father was learning the ceremony.

The old man said to him then, "You have done well. You did not make a mistake. I was watching you. The birds, animals, and snakes asked you to choose them, but you did right to choose the Mountain Spirits. They are the most powerful, the best thing here. Now you are going to stay here and have a good time for four days."

My father says that after this the Indians gathered, and they began to dance just as they do at the girl's puberty ceremony. White Painted Woman ran just as the girls do now. So my father in four days learned the whole thing. My father called the mountain "Holy Mountain." He says that he gets messages from these people whenever he holds his ceremony. When he wants to know how to cure a man, they come and tell him. He says they talk. He stayed another four days and four nights there.

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After four days the old man asked him, "Do you have what you want?" My father said, "Yes."

He said, "You didn't make any mistake."

My father answered, "I hope not."

The old man explained, "This is a good thing for you. The Mountain People will take care of you all your life. You can hand the ceremony down to anyone you want to. You can do anything you like. If the ceremony is given to your child, you will not have to ask for any ceremonial gifts; but if it is passed on to other people, then you can ask for gifts. But if you love someone else, you can hand it down to that one without gifts."

The Mountain People gave him directions. "You cannot sing these songs for nothing." So today my father is hard to convince on that.

After the four days, when this old man had told him he had what he wanted, the Mountain Spirits had all gone. Then the clown came. The old man ordered the clown back. The old man told my father, "That is all. I am through with you. Everything is all right. I hope you have a long life in this world. You may go home and use the ceremony according to what the Mountain People want you to do."

The clown had to take my father back through the mountain. They had to come back through those doors. They came again to the big mountain lions. The clown said, "Sh! Sh!" and told my father to come right behind him. They returned to the snakes. The snakes tried to stop them. The clown said, "Sh! Sh!" and then told my father to come right behind him. Then they reached the last door, that great rock swinging around and around. The clown stopped there and said to the rock, "Sh! Sh!" and to my father, "You come right behind me." And they went through. Then they came to the cliff. The clown said, "Sh! Sh!" again, and the whole thing opened like a door. The clown started to walk down the steep bluff. He said, "You must come behind me." My father says when he first went up there the spirit lifted him up suddenly, but now he had to follow the clown down or stay where he was. He did not think he could walk down the cliff but he followed the clown, and they walked down easily.

The clown said, "Here are four things I am going to give you." He gave him a little eagle feather, a very fine feather, and said, "This is one." He held something in his hand and said, "This is a small round turquoise with a hole in it. That makes two." He put the feather through the turquoise. He said, "If you are going to sing for a sick boy, the parents of the boy or his other relatives must give you a turquoise with an eagle feather like this. If he really wants to get well and believes in you, he must also give you a live thing, a horse or a cow, or anything you want, but it must be alive. The turquoise and eagle feather are used only in curing men and boys. The other gifts, which girls and women must give you, are the changing abalone and pollen. They must be tied in this way: the pollen must be in a little buckskin bag, and the string must be put through the hole in the abalone and tied in this way."

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He does not make a noise like the other masked dancers and does not mix with the others. Any others that touch him will be harmed. Just one is made. He wears juniper boughs on his arms. Sometimes he carries sticks.

The one who is dressed to stand for Black One does not have the wooden frame above the buckskin face mask. He just has feathers in a bunch at the top of the mask. He wears a buckskin mask, all black. He is colored black all over. He carries spruce in his hands, and spruce is tied to each arm too. He wears a skirt of woven yucca which comes down long. He doesn't dance. Black One is just made for something bad, to keep everything bad away.

All three types of masked dancer may appear in the same ceremony to stave off epidemics:

It was during the World War when the "flu" was first coming this way. D. called all the people together. He was going to keep it away. He made the regular masked dancers and also Gray One [clown] and Black One. He wanted to pick out the best man for Black One. He tried to pick me out, but I said, "I don't know the ways of Black One, and I might make a mistake, and things might not turn out right." So I was one of the regular masked dancers instead. S. and I were the regular masked dancers, and R.'s boy was Black One.

The people were very quiet when this was going on. They said that we were two of the best dancers ever seen. We had a good clown there. He said, "You fellows certainly put on a good dance." Black One said he saw nothing but fruit and flowers around the fire, so D. said, "All is well."

D. told the people then, "Don't say anything bad about this sickness. Don't mention it, or it will come back."

For a while no one died. Then someone mentioned it, and the sickness began to come again. D. took us up on a high hill. The wind was blowing dust from the east. D. pointed to it and said, "That wind is bringing sickness back. I'm certainly sorry, but I can't help it. I told you about it. I warned you of it. Now it's too late." And it was true. The sickness came back, and many died. F. made his masked dancers, but it did no good.

This sickness died down. Then it came a second time. The second time it came, D. did not make his masked dancers. He didn't make Black One or any of them. He said, "All of you were safe. There was no sickness. I helped you. I told you what to do. But now it's coming back. I can't stop it."

When the sickness was on its way the first time and D. made his masked dancers, I went over to his camp. Many were camping around his place. He had his masked dancers there, and the people stayed around the masked dancers and marked them with pollen. All these people camping around him kept well.

In this ceremony it was Black One through whom the Mountain People transmitted their message. But this is not always the case. Most often it is the leader or one of the members of the

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731 regular masked-dancer group who receives the word of the super-
751 naturals.

535 Some men when they dance say they see visions from the singing and praying
789 of the shaman. I never did. I never saw a thing. Y. did though. It was in 1903
796 down at Fort Sill. There was smallpox. Lots of Indians were dying. We danced
787 for four nights, from four in the afternoon until one or two at night. That was the hardest work I ever did. And you know, we never got that smallpox! It was all around. The Comanches had it. They were dying in Lawton, but we never got a case.

When the old man painted us he said, "Now one of you men is going to see a vision. I don't know which one it will be, but it will be one of you." I doubted it. I was a fool in those days. I didn't care. I just danced for a good time. Y. was the leader.

I watched Y. when he got the vision. This was the first night. The old man said someone would get it that night. We started out to dance at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The old man said it would have to be started while the sun was still up. There was a big crowd; Comanches, everyone was there. They put pollen on us dancers. We started dancing. We had to do what the old man told us. We had to go four times this way and that, and around the people. I was watching Y. He began going fast, shaking, running out to the woods and back.

About three hours later we rested for a while. We were smoking. Y. said, "Fellows, the old man said someone was going to see a vision, and I saw it. But that's all I'm going to tell you. I'm going to tell it to the old man, and if he wants me to tell it to you, all right." Later I heard him tell the old man something, and the old man said, "That's good!"

731 Masked-dancer ceremonies conducted for the public good are
751 usually undertaken in response to requests from a number of
535 people: "We asked R. to put on a ceremony for us, but he is too
789 weak. So another man and I have been trying to get F. to make
796 masked dancers for a long time. He did it the other day."

A number of protective masked-dancer rites have taken place in recent years. One, held to prevent the penetration of sleeping sickness, is described by a man who attended it.

Yesterday F. held his ceremony to keep away sleeping sickness. I didn't feel so good when I came back yesterday, so I went over. I thought that perhaps F.'s masked dancers would help me. The masked dancers performed once in the day and once in the night. He painted four regular masked dancers and two clowns.

The grounds were fixed this way: there were four spruce trees set up, one in each direction, and a fire was built in the center. To start the fire, they first put up the sticks like a tepee. The singers came in from the south and went around

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When a person has a special ceremony, from Lightning, for instance, he will pray directly to Lightning and will not call on Life Giver. But many feel that Life Giver is answering through this other source. Life Giver is an old conception." The very old Indians pray this way. Some old Indians who don't know the first thing about Christianity the way the preacher speaks of it, pray this way. . . . . We think of Life Giver as a spirit of no particular sex. We do not attribute deeds to Life Giver. No pollen would be thrown to Life Giver.

Child of the Water figures prominently in religious traditions and ritual. However, it is believed that his work was largely completed when he departed from earth. Though he once busied himself prodigiously with the affairs of man, now he is almost a sky-god, magnificent and rather remote. Occasionally, someone believes that Child of the Water has "talked" to him. One informant was certain that this supernatural was reaching him through the medium of dreams, for instance.

For ceremonial purposes White Painted Woman is the feminine counterpart of Child of the Water, and the time of her direct impingement upon worldly affairs, too, is at an end. Perhaps the most important use of this supernatural in rites now is a symbolic one. For instance, in a certain lightning ceremony the earth is referred to as White Painted Woman. This symbolism proves to be a dramatization of the legend of the birth of the culture hero. Just as lightning strikes the earth today, so White Painted Woman lay down "while the lightning flashed four times and acted as a man to beget Child of the Water. This is why the three are connected, and to this day White Painted Woman is mentioned in the lightning ceremony."

The ideological association between the earth and White Painted Woman is found in more than one context. "In any

" Despite this insistence on the antiquity of the conception of Life Giver, a good guess would be that the present position of this deity is a response to European doctrine. The word that has been translated Life Giver can be literally rendered "the one because of which I live." The individual still refers to his personal supernatural power source by that same linguistic form or a slight variant of it. Life Giver is apparently a symbolization of supernatural power as such, the reservoir from which particular power grants and ceremonies flow. The European influence in this greater personalization of diffuse supernatural power can be inferred from the synonyms for Life Giver, which are Yusn (from the Spanish *Dios*) and "He Sits in the Sky."

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776 political speech or religious speech . . . . the world or earth is
823 called 'Earth Woman.' This really refers to White Painted Woman. The real way to say 'all the people of the earth' is to say 'all the people on the top of Earth Woman.' "

776 A shaman once had a girl impersonate White Painted Woman
755 to symbolize the feminine principle:

756 He chose a little girl, nine or ten years old, and marked her and told her to come up and give food to the patient. Then he prayed again. Then the little girl picked up the food and first gave the patient the soup . . . . marked with pollen and an herb. She picked up the spoon which the man had marked with pollen, but the ceremonial man made four motions with her hand to the mouth of the patient, and then said, "You give him all he wants. It won't hurt him." . . . . The shaman said, "That part of the ceremony I performed where I took the girl to feed the man—she was part of the ceremony. . . . . She knew the power of Woman; that's why I used her. Woman, White Painted Woman, is the power I was using. If the patient had been a woman, I would have used Child of the Water [i.e., a boy].

75 *Thunder* (*lightning*).—Sage is a most generally used prophy-
824 lactic against lightning sickness. A spray of it is usually worn during rainy weather, and some is hung up in the form of a cross in the home. Cudweed is another plant for which similar properties are claimed. But, in spite of all safeguards, lightning sickness does occur, and a ceremony to cure it exists.

755 I received my ceremony through a dream when I was a young man. I just lay
756 down and dreamed that I heard a voice, and the words of my songs were repeated. The giver said these words of the song in my ear while I slept. I believe
• [787] that this power came from Thunder.

I have cured boys around here. I tried to perform a ceremony on my daughters when they were sick, but they did not want it. They did not allow me to do it, and they died. They did not believe in it. I performed this ceremony for my son. The white doctor said there was no hope. I said to the doctor, "If there is no hope, I would like to take him home and be by his side when he dies." I took him home and performed the ceremony for four nights. The boy began to get better at once. The doctor was very surprised when he saw the boy around again. He said, "I didn't expect to see you well and around!" This was about seventeen years ago.

My ceremony cannot tell who a witch is." I have no power over that. If I do

[754] " It is a comment on the degree of individuality among practitioners to note that another lightning shaman who believed that most witches were more powerful than shamans said, "The one exception is the man who gets his power from Lightning or Earth Mother. He has control over the witch."

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not get a man well, I know that the man is mistaken about his trouble. If I get a person well, I usually get other payment besides the ceremonial gifts. For the ceremonial gifts I must receive a horse, a piece of turquoise with an eagle feather stuck through a hole in it, and an unblemished buckskin, these four things. They must be given before the ceremony starts. I have the feathers on my hat and the turquoise I wear through the ceremony.

The ceremony can take place in the day or the night, but it has to be continued for four days or four nights. If a person got struck or frightened by lightning in the afternoon, the ceremony would begin in the afternoon. I try to begin it at about the same time of day or night that the experience with lightning occurred.

First of all in my ceremony I smoke. I blow the smoke to the four directions, calling each by its color name. Then I call on Thunder and say, "Before you did this to him, this man's body and spirit were in a healthy condition. Now he is sick. I plead with you to breathe some of your spirit into this man, to make him over as he should be."

I have to have medicine for the sick person too. To make this medicine I take wood from a tree which has been struck by lightning, burn it, take the ashes, and put them in cool water. Scrapings from abalone shell are put with it too. With the ashes I make a lightning design (a zigzag) on the four sides of the cup. And I make the lightning design on the man's face, running it into the mouth. I pray, and while I pray I raise the cup upward four times, then toward the patient three times, and make the patient drink on the fourth.

Then I begin with the songs. This is my first song:

He in the sky who is holy,
He who is Black Thunder
Who put up the earth,
He zigzags down with life
To impart life to her body;
He in the sky who is holy,
Black Thunder, my father.

This same song is sung to the other directions; the color terms alone change. At the end of the second song I push the chest, back, and sides of the patient with my hand four times and then blow the evil influence away. While I am singing, I am asking help of my power.

After the four songs I pray again. This last part changes to suit the occasion. Then the ceremony for this one day or night is finished. This power of mine comes from Thunder. Thunder power carries you to old age.

I have a hat that goes with this ceremony. I was ordered by a dream to make the hat. I do not use the hat in the ceremony or use it at all. I was told in my dream that the hat would just be for luck in the ceremony. But the hat belongs to Lightning; it belongs to this ceremony. It is copied after the old way.

I lost this hat one time. Later I was walking with four men. We were hunting

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deer. I saw a deer and ran to head it off. When I got to the point where I thought the deer would pass, I saw one of the men waving, telling me that the deer had gone back. It was raining a little. I started to go back. I went a long way looking around. It started to rain again. I began to look again. Close by, the lightning struck. I went to the place where it had struck and found the hat. This caused me to believe in my ceremony more than ever.

There is one other function of the lightning shaman, the making of amulets of various kinds to be worn as a protection against lightning and lightning sickness.[23]

Some say Lightning talks to them. When the lightning strikes a place, these people can go to the east of a pine tree that was struck and take a piece of wood. They shape it like this [a crude resemblance to the human figure with some features poorly indicated] and put it on them. They wear it suspended by four strings. The painting is done with a blue mineral and black specular iron ore. If this is made for a person, he won't be hit by lightning, and he won't be frightened by lightning.

Plants.—Occasionally, a plant is personified and becomes a source of ritual. One plant, now much used for wounds, revealed itself in a vision experience to a man who was wounded in battle and fell on it. The plant pushed him upward four times and spoke to him, telling him to chew the root, to rub some of it on the injury, and to put the unused leaves back in the ground. The man obeyed directions, recovered, and was able to reach his home and introduce this remedy.

A plant, as well as an animal, acted as supernatural guardian for a successful raider:

This happened long ago. The enemies used to know many ways to stop you, to make your legs ache so you couldn't get away with horses. My father was down in Mexico with a band. They drove away a good herd of cattle, burros, and horses from the Yaqui.

The Yaqui came on the trail. One of the men of the Yaqui knew a ceremony and was working against the Chiricahua. The Chiricahua had seen cacti thrown on their trail, and now they knew what it was for. They got cramps, their legs hurt, and they couldn't go fast. They were in danger, for the Yaqui were catching up.

For his raiding work my father mixed Wolf and Cactus [a small variety of hedgehog cactus type] together. They asked him to sing and he did. He found

[23] Among the ethnological specimens collected by M. R. Harrington from the Chiricahua Apache at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1909 were a number of lightning fetishes.

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825 [231] [232] If you have a good deer dog, burn deerskin and make him inhale it. Then he becomes a good hunter. I had a sick hunting dog. I tried everything. The dog was going down. I hated to lose him. So I got deerskin and rags and burned them together and made the dog inhale the smoke. He got well too. I tried it the last thing.

825 237 [178] [173] Buckskin, especially from deer which have been caught in head nooses or otherwise killed without damage to the hide, is in great demand for ceremonial gifts and for the making of amulets. "It is the holy hide, used for ceremonial purposes. It is supposed to come from a strangled deer, and the skin is supposed to be unblemished. Child of the Water used it so on earth; that is why."

825 224 When a hunter kills a deer, the carcass, the hide, and even the offal are treated according to prescribed rule, but, since all hunters observe these usages, a description of them is deferred until hunting methods are treated.

756 825 787 539 *Bear.*—A vision journey which resulted in the acquisition of a bear ceremony is described by the son of the man who became a bear shaman:

My father went across the plains twice, and the second time he slept at a place just beyond the White Sands. He usually found his tribe in the foothills at Hot Springs.

The second time, when he was sleeping at the place, something came to him. It was close to the springs. He was a little up the hills on a rock. He built a fire and went to sleep. He made a mattress of grass.

Close to morning he was sleeping there. He was sound asleep. It touched him and told him to awake. It had something to tell him. He pushed the cover off his head, and there sat a silver-tip bear. It spoke in a human way to him and told him it was time for him to get up and that he was about to get something to know and to travel by.

He got up. He knew that a door was open to him. He just walked right in, into the rocks. He was led into a room, and the bear changed itself into the form of a human and told him to follow wherever he went.

And so he showed him through the gate where the striking rocks were working, hitting against each other all the time. But they went through. Then they came to a place where four points of rock went back and forth. They also walked through that. They came to another rock that was rolling and was in the form of a round ball, just like a hill. It hit the bank on the other side all the time. But they walked over it and didn't even notice it strike the bank. Then they came to the swinging rock door, and it worked as in many other places.

Then they came to two big bears, black and white, at a gate. My father's

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guide told him to go on and they went through. On further they came to two big snakes, a black one and a white one. But they went through. This time something they never had seen before was present in the cave. It was the wolf, the big timber wolf. There were two, a black one and a white one. The wolf spoke to him, but he went on.

Then on further they came to two geese, a black one and a white one. When they saw my father, they tried to fly, but they came to the ground all the time because they felt pretty good. They said, "We know you. We have known you all the time." That's what the geese said.

Everything went smoothly until they started to cross a place where there were two moving logs used for a bridge. After my father crossed this bridge, he came into another more beautiful place. He asked the guide what this place was. He told him that it was the home of Summer[25] right there, but he passed through that place and then went to a crossing where a spider had a web for a bridge. He also crossed this without trouble.

Then he came to a still more beautiful place. Very pretty flowers were growing there. All of these spoke. He asked what this place was, and the bear told him that this was the home of the flowers and the herbs used for curing men all over the world. "This is Medicine's home."

He went on. Then came the humans. The humans were working out in the fields. They ran toward him and tried to show him many [supernatural] things. He paid no attention to them.

Then he came to a place where there was nothing but beautiful women. There were girls only there, dressed like White Painted Woman, who had just gone through the puberty ceremony. The girl's ceremony was shown him there. That was the home of the girl's puberty rite. But he paid no attention to this either.

On he went. He came to another land, and you could hear the drums beating steadily. It was even more beautiful. There were different kinds of Black Ones and Mountain Spirits there with different markings. It all belonged to the girl's puberty rite. The man said to him, "If you want to be the leader of the Mountain Spirits, you can take those four Mountain Spirits there. They are used in every way. They are the leading Mountain Spirits, stronger than any you saw in any other caves." There were twelve there altogether. His guide said, "You can use only four a night. If sickness is in the country, you can use them." But my father said, "No," and went on.

Then he was led out into the further end, and out before him was a big man. There were four tables. The man showed him all, but my father said, "No, I want to go to one stronger than you."

The man said, "No, they usually go no farther. This is the best." But my father said, "No," and wouldn't take any of it.

He went into another room, and there in the middle sat another man with a chair that turned either way. From him shone all kinds of light. And all around him was green fruit.

[25] The personification of summer is not unusual in these stories.

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The man studied my father. He said, "There is no human who has come this far, passing the first man. What do you come for? You see many fruits here, and there are things here that are valuable above all. What you ask for your own good, for raising your children, I will give you."

My father said, "I come for one that is strongest. Are you the strongest?"

"No, there are two above me."

Then my father went on. He came to another man who was shining with a yellow light before him. The light made it appear as though the wind were blowing pollen from the trees around him, but it was not. This man also knew that my father was not going to stop there. So he brought before him two yellow horses with white tails. And a sort of wagon was there.

My father got in the wagon[56] with a guide, and they came to a gate, a big white gate. Everything was as white as could be, even the trees and fruit. Even the faces of the people there shone, and before him he saw all kinds of things. He bowed down four times, and the fourth time he was before a man in a big white chair who had a white staff in his right hand. This man was the last one. This man asked him how he got in and such things as that. My father told him all.

"We had better be moving," the man said, "for it is getting daylight."

So he listened and said "Yes" to everything my father asked him. Everything my father wanted, he got.

"I hate to see poor people sick. I hate it when people are walking along the road poor and without horses. I want to know what is best to do for them. You can give me what you think is best."

This man sang and performed what was given my father. And it raised him as though he had wings. There was nothing but clouds around him. Before him everything shook, and there was lightning and thunder. Much was shown my father, terrible things [witchcraft] and how to stop them.

The man handed him a staff. You'll always have this. It will speak itself. It must never be lost." He told him what was best. And this, they say, was the power of Bear.

After this he knew all the people and their ways and their thoughts, and what was going to be done, and what was going to happen to them. Afterward he did much healing, even for the whites and Mexicans. He was known in Comanche country and by the Navaho.

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The curing ceremony which stemmed from this experience was recalled by the same informant:

He held a bear ceremony for four nights to heal the sick. That's as long as he would continue it. He cured many diseases through it. He used it once on a severe case of pneumonia, the worst case of pneumonia I ever saw. This was right out in the hills. The girl had hemorrhages with it. I thought she was going to die.

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[56] Note the elements of European influence in this story.

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My father sang the songs of the bear and found out what had to be done. He was told that a mixture of different herbs had to be given right away. That was to stop the bleeding. They got the strongest herb first. This one was pointed out by the bear. My mother went and got it, and that night it was given to the girl in four doses. It was given in pollen, and the bowl was lifted to her head four times, then to her lips four times, and she drank it from the side that was marked with pollen.

The next thing was to get after the pneumonia. The girl was stronger now. My mother mixed up the second dose of the same medicine they had given her before. They thought the second dose would surely stop the hemorrhage for good. They gave the medicine to her four times again.

Then my father started in. He took the right front paw of a bear, warmed it, and put it on her chest where it pained most. Then he took a bowl and put it to her chest. He sucked. Blood and pus and suds came out and foamed up. He did that four times. They had real good medicine for the pneumonia. It was the blazing star.[37] It was ground fine, mixed with grease and water; then they rubbed her with it and wrapped her up with some of it on her chest. They tried to make this ceremony short because she was weak.

The second night it went the same way. My father sang two songs. He marked her with pollen. He used the bear paw, putting pollen on it first. He sucked pus out of her again. It came out easily this time.

Now he waited two days before doing anything more for her, but he had my mother continue to give her medicine. He saw that the girl was gaining and getting well.

The third night he started in, he didn't know whether to suck or not. "There is no use to suck. Let me look at her," he said. After singing he looked and saw there was just a little pus left. "I don't think it is necessary to suck again," he said. But he asked the bear. The bear said he had better take it out because that little bit might get bigger. So he sucked it out. Before he sucked he always marked the place with pollen and put pollen in his mouth.

The girl said she could breathe much better. She said she wanted to get well quickly. She prayed all through the ceremony. That's why she got well so quickly. Then the fourth night of the ceremony came. It was a short ceremony this night. The girl was getting along nicely now. They just gave her the medicine.

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Another account of the acquisition of a bear ceremony is of special interest because the final paragraph suggests the use together of multiple powers:

A long time ago a group of men went far south looking for horses and cattle. All the party except one man got killed, and, in trying to make his way back, he got lost. In those days they dressed in a buckskin loincloth and buckskin jacket.

[37] Two plants commonly known as blazing star are *Liatris punctata* and *Mentzelia multiflora*.

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When they were cold they made a fire, pushed the ashes away, put grass on the hot ground, and slept there. It kept them warm. This man had nothing with him to eat, and the rain came and the buckskin got wet and stiff. It became very cold, and he nearly froze.

He went to a hole in a cliff for shelter. Then he heard a sound above, and he went up there. He saw a great cave between two rocks. He went in and found a mother bear and two little bears in there. Bear looked at him and he talked to Bear. "I'm about to die. Give me something to eat."

Bear said, "Come in."

He went in. The bear rapped on the stone wall, and a door opened. In there was a room with a fireplace. The bear woman had a shallow basket in there, and it was filled with acorns and wild fruit. She pounded it up nicely and gave it to him. He sat by the fire and warmed himself and ate. When this man got back to his people, he told them that bears were just like human beings. "They talk like us and live as we do. When they go out they turn to bears," he said.

When he had eaten, the bear said, "My husband is mean. I don't know what he will do to you. Sometimes he gets after me. But he is very fond of these children. Take one of my babies and put it in your lap when my husband comes and maybe he won't hurt you."

About dark Bear came. As soon as he came under the cliff he smelled man. He got angry and growled like a dog. His wife heard him and told the man to take the baby on his lap. Big Bear came in looking angry but didn't say anything when he saw the child on the man's lap. The woman said nothing.

Then Bear said to his wife, "Did you feed this man?" Where did he come from?"

His wife said, "He came in here nearly dying. I fed him and warmed him."

Bear sat down and said nothing. Then he began to question the man. "Do you want anything more? You can have more." He acted like this because of the baby.

"I've had plenty."

"Do you want to stay overnight?"

"Yes."

So they put the man in another room that opened when they rapped on the wall. The next morning they opened the door and told the man to come out. They gave him a good breakfast of all kinds of Indian fruit and meat.

"I've had enough," the man said when he had finished.

Then Bear told him, "Go on top of this hill and you'll find a cave there. In it is water. Wash yourself and then get some good-smelling weeds, mix white paint with them, and rub them over your body and face. It will make you smell better. You smell bad; I noticed you all night."[58]

The man did as he was told. He went to the pool and bathed and swam.

[58] This is simply a reversal of the notion that the smell of bears is offensive and dangerous to human beings.

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Then he mixed weeds and white paint and put it over his body. He came back, and Bear said that he didn't smell him any more.

Then Bear told him to take a good rest. "Meanwhile I'll go over and hunt up your people."

He stayed at Bear's home four days. Four days later Bear got home again. He lay down. "I'm very tired," he said. "I found your people far away. Tomorrow we'll start out, and I'll take you to them."

The next morning the man started out with the father bear. They walked all day. About evening they came close to a mountain.

"Where do you want to stay?" Bear asked.

"In a hollow place," the man said.

"No," the bear told him. "It's better on top. It's warmer up there."

They went to the top and stayed there overnight. In the morning they started again. The next day toward sundown they went on top again. The next morning they started and walked all day. At night they went on top again. They carried dried beef with cooked fat and berries in it. The fourth morning they arose before sunup.

"Maybe we will find your people before noon," Bear said. "Then I'll go home."

About noon they found many Indian camps. Bear said, "There are your people. I'm going home now. After this if you or your children get lost, don't be afraid of Bear. Go to Bear's home." Then Bear went home, and the man went into his camp.

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He found his wife and children cutting their hair off. In the old days they sometimes cut the hair short and sometimes cut it all off for mourning. They had killed all his horses and thrown away all the things he owned.

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That bear had given him a ceremony with songs and prayers when he was in that cave. Then, when he got back to his people, he helped them when they got sick. When he healed sick people, he took a circular piece of rawhide, covered it with buckskin, and painted Bear, Lightning, and Buffalo on it. That was because Bear had told him that Lightning and Buffalo were his friends and their powers all worked together. He would make this for people and put a buckskin cord on it and later give it to them to wear.

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Coyote, dog, wolf.—Details of a typical coyote ceremony have already been given[29] and need not be repeated here.

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While sickness can be contracted from a dog, at least by a child, a coyote or wolf ceremony is thought sufficient to remove it. A certain amount of ceremonialism has grown up around dogs, but these usages are for the benefit of the dogs and not to cure ailments they have brought.

[29] See pp. 40–41.

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231 When you want to train a dog to be a good hunter or watchdog, burn an eagle
789 feather for it.
224 I wrap up an eagle feather in cloth with the kind of flies that bother animals. I burn this and throw a blanket over the dog's head so he can inhale the smoke.

If meat is rubbed on your feet and then given to a dog, that dog will stick by you and be a good watchdog. It will love you and guard you.

This is the way to make a dog good for trailing. Cut up four pieces of meat, spit on them, rub them on your moccasins to get some soil from there on them, put the meat in the dog's mouth, and talk to him, giving him instructions just as you would a boy.

Another way is to take a section of deer meat from the place where it swells between the two hoofs. Put this with the feather of the buzzard or crow. Put this to the windy side of the dog. Light it and make the dog inhale, saying to him, "May you keep the trail." We use the buzzard and crow because they fly all over and never miss a dead object. We use the deer meat so the dog will go after deer.

A friend told me to chop up a little rattlesnake into four parts and to give it to a dog with his meat. This is to be done when you want a fierce dog. It makes him fierce all right, but it is too dangerous. The dog is hard to handle then, even by the owner. The dog gets too mean, like a mountain lion. But if a man is far out alone and is afraid, it might be done.

232 There is a certain prickly pear that is called "dog medicine." It is a general tonic for a dog. You put it into his mouth whole.

825 The wolf has been known to offer a ceremony and special aid:
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539 He smoked and prayed and went to bed again. He slept a little while and then was waked up again. Before him sat a big timber wolf, white as snow. It was the most beautiful creature, he said, he ever saw. He wanted to touch it but was afraid to. Then Wolf took its paw and touched him and told him he needn't be afraid. So he touched the wolf. The fur felt very soft and fine and warm. He touched the four legs of the wolf, then touched his own legs and said, "Let my legs be as strong as yours."

The wolf spoke to him and said, "I've seen you. . . . . I came to you myself. I will add what I can to the strength of your legs. You have done the right thing. . . . ."

231 *Horse* (*mule*, *burro*).—A characteristic horse ceremony was
787 obtained by a man who was raiding for horses:
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755 Two men started south from their home. On the way a horse spoke to one of them and gave him a ceremony. It happened this way. They were raiding for horses. They got to a town south of Tucson and found some horses there. They began to drive them off. At a certain place they stopped to rope horses to ride.

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They had to run the horses up the side of a mountain and were at the top. One of them caught a gentle horse and got on it. The other roped a wild one, and when he was about to get on, it pitched with him and threw him off. He lay there as though he were dead. Only his throat moved a little.

The man who was left sat there crying. He didn't know what to do. He had a little buckskin pouch of pollen tied around his waist. There was one old sorrel horse standing near by. He marked the forehead of the horse with pollen and asked the horse to help him restore his companion. He led the horse to the man, from the east, and the horse put his nose to the man four times and neighed. In the same way he led the horse to the injured man from the south, the west, and the north, and the horse acted the same each time. Then the injured man began to stir, and he got up and asked what had happened. The sorrel horse went back to the herd then.

Later this sorrel horse talked to the man it had cured. It told him where the two men should camp that night on the return journey. They followed this advice. The horse told him where to camp for the second night too. This was at an open place, but the horse said, "Do not be afraid even though it is out in the open." They camped in that place and were not disturbed. The third night the horse told him that they should camp at a place called Sand House. On the fourth night the horse told him that they should stop between two mountains.

Then the horse spoke to the one it had cured. It told him, "I'm old and I'm no longer strong. I'd like to take you back to the place where you live, but I can't make it. A man who is thin can make it back to his home. But horses are different. We have to be fat and strong. So after you start out tomorrow you are going to miss me. But don't look for me. I am going back to my home. But I'll tell you now just how to continue your journey, where to stop each night, and where your relatives are now."

And the horse told him, "I give these songs to you. You will be a shaman through the horse. If anyone falls off a horse and is injured, you can heal him with these songs. These songs will cure even if bones are broken. And here is some medicine to use for those who are hurt inside.[19] But if the large cords at the back of the neck are broken, the ones which hold up the head, this ceremony will not be able to restore the person."

The men continued the journey as the horse directed and got back safely to their people.

How this man effectively used the ceremony he thus obtained is the subject of another narrative:

A leading man rode out with others to get horses that they had tied out somewhere. The rest came back, but this leading man was still missing. His family were worried. Then someone saw his horse standing on a ridge. It was saddled,

[19] Possibly "horse medicine" (*Eriogonum jamesii*), of which it is said, "It is a plant used in the horse ceremony. It is chewed for luck with horses. Give it to horses, too, when they are sick."

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231 As various domestic animals have become more numerous, the
232 horse shaman has seemed to be the logical person to cure them
756 and is now thought of as the one who "knows a lot about [domestic] animal sickness." "These are the ones who take care of the diseases of animals; they have a general knowledge of animals."

231 There is some difference of opinion concerning the material
756 benefits of a horse ceremony to the horse shaman himself. The story of the woman horse shaman whose horses were sleek and fine seems to bear out the statement of an informant who said, "Some persons have a ceremony from the horse and have fit horses all the time." But the opposite view is held by others. "I think that N. had power from the horse. His horses were poor. Some people say that a man with a horse ceremony has pretty poor horses. He can help others but not himself."

825 *Wild goose.*—An excellent example of the special abilities
• 787 which a shaman may acquire because of the characteristics of his supernatural guardian, is power obtained from the wild goose:
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During the old times when Geronimo was around doing mischief, the Chiricahua used to get a band of ten or twelve and go to the Mexican border and drive cattle home. A certain man got tired and was left behind. It got to the point where they couldn't help him, so they left him behind. They thought he would catch up. He was tired, hungry, discouraged, and had given up. He was thinking all sorts of unpleasant things. It was pretty bad.

All at once Goose appeared to him and said, "What's the matter?" He said, "I'm in a bad fix."

Goose said, "All right, I'll give you a certain ceremony, and you must obey. You must follow my directions exactly."

He gave the man four songs. The goose spoke of feathers; it told him he had to rub them on his right side. Goose is long winded and goes for many days. Goose said to him, "I will give you my endurance."

It happened that way. He caught up to the others. Everyone was surprised. The man was able to pass over broad flat lands without being tired out after that. The one who told me this story says that he had this man sing over him; then he won an important race.

825 *Nighthawk.*—An informant tells how he was cured by the
755 power of Nighthawk in a rite jointly conducted by two shamans:
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Old Man D. and T. knew the ceremony of the nighthawk. I saw them perform it several times. They sang together. Both knew the same thing; one learned it from the other. T. learned it from D.

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Once I was sick with a bad case of kidney trouble. I went to the agency doctor, and he told me I couldn't get well. He said that I'd have trouble all the way through and that one day it would kill me. One side of my face and one side of my body were swollen. I got out of that hospital. Then, because they were distant relatives of mine, these two men sang for me and told me not to be worried, that I was going to get well. P. was there, S., B. and his wife, and some other people, the relatives of my wife. We were not alone.

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When they started to cure me, they first smoked. Then they used pollen, marking me on the face. Then they marked the faces of all who were present with pollen. I did it back to these two men, marked their faces with pollen, and the other people did it too. There were quite a few people present. The people always like to listen. Some heard there was going to be singing and just dropped in.

Then they started to sing. During the singing one of them was always drumming. Sometimes it was one of them, sometimes the other. They sang about the nighthawk, calling him Great Old Man Nighthawk, and asking him what it was best to do to get me well. They used feathers of the golden eagle. One had two of them sewed together and attached to his hand all the time.

Their power talked to them any time they asked him something, and they asked him questions right in the songs. Then they would look at each other and talk. One would say, "Do you hear that?" The other would answer, "Yes." But we couldn't hear a thing. Sometimes they got a message, but they would tell me they couldn't say anything about it until morning. They carried on the ceremony at night only for four nights.

When they first sang, Nighthawk spoke to them and said that they didn't have to be frightened, that I'd be going along all right in a few days. I had been laid up during February, March, and April. This was in late April.

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Next Nighthawk told them that there was a woman present who knew herbs and that it was best to have her use certain herbs on me. This was my own mother. They directed her in what to do, according to the word of their power, and she went out and gathered all the best herbs.

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All during their ceremony they learned many things about my future. They told me that in the future I was going to have land and own everything and have children too. They said the first was to be a boy, and it was. And they said, "You are not only going to have this boy but girls too. In the spring you are going to plow. You will look up and see just one little cloud. And it will open and rain first on your place." And it all really came true. In the spring I was plowing back of East Mountain. It rained first on my place. It did this for several years.

The ceremony helped me a great deal. D. told me not to eat liver until I got real well. By May, after the last snow, and when the birds first began to come, I was well. And so I think the power of the nighthawk was certainly strong.

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Owl.—When individuals are first troubled by the call of an owl or by thoughts and dreams of the dead, there are measures

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morning early, it goes to 'Cut-Grass-Sitting.'" "Cut-Grass-Sitting" is the name of a place. It is called on because the song [ceremony] started from there. It is a place in Old Mexico on the other [west] side of the Rio Grande.

Then I pray again, saying, "By tomorrow morning may all evil disappear and go to the east. May all the sickness that was above the heart in this person go to the west. From now on let him eat again." After this the patient says to me, "I was sick. Now I am well. I never knew you. Now you have made me well. I am well again. I am as I was before. If something like this happens to me again, I will appeal to you."

After the four songs and prayer the ceremony is over for the night. I do this for two nights. The songs and prayers are the same each night. I tell the sick person to put the black-handled knife under his pillow for the two nights so he won't get scared. And I tell him, "Don't eat tongue or liver."

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Summer tanager.—Nothing is said in the following tale of a curing ceremony from the tanager, but it is evident that the bird acted as a guardian spirit:

J. M. tells this one. During his war days when he was young, there was a boy he used to go with, just a young boy. This boy always sang like the summer tanager, that entirely red bird. One time this boy camped out alone and was lost from the group that was out raiding for horses. He was left at a water hole. They were to pick him up on their return. Instead of picking him up, they went right by and left him. He was crying there, for he had little to eat.

While he was crying, something lit in the tree above him. He paid no attention, for he was still crying. Then this bird came to him and touched him on the head. "Don't cry. I have come to show you many things and to lead you to a good country where you will be happy always. All your people are worrying about you because you haven't come back. The ones who left you are already at home. They brought a good bunch of mules and a herd of horses. But there are a few horses and mules left, the ones that they lost on the way. Take them and drive them back. I will go with you. Take my tail feathers. They will talk to you and warn you of danger.

"The ones who left you here are saying wrong things about you to your family. They are saying that you are dead. Your family is going to wait four days and then cut their hair. So be back before four days. I'm going to lead you. Turn this horse loose, catch the others, ride the black one first, then the second day ride the gray horse. There will be seven horses (yours will be the eighth) and two mules."

The boy was shown that he could see at night and see through mountains, and whenever he asked a question it was always answered. He always had the feathers ready in his hand so he could talk to them. The tanager also turned into a man and rode with him.

Before sunrise of the fourth day the people at camp saw someone coming.

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825 787 539 The men got weapons ready. They went out to kill whoever was coming and to take the horses away. They saw two men coming, but only one rode up.

The boy's father met him and asked, "Who was the other man?" The boy said that he was alone. They did not believe him.

825 787 539 755 778 *Reptiles.*—How one man obtained a snake ceremony which he used with signal success years later is related in the following account:

They say this man knew snake power better than anyone in the tribes around here. On his hat he wore the rattlers of a snake and two eagle feathers. No matter how badly a person was bitten, he never held his ceremony in the day, but always at night. He said he could cure snake bite on humans or horses.

This is how he got his power. He thought a bush was burning and went to see whether it was and what had started it. He found that the bush was not really burning and saw a big snake move from it. The snake was one such as had never been seen anywhere. It had red and white stripes, yellow streaks on its side, and very red eyes. The way it was throwing its tongue out was like a fire burning. The man started to speak to it, but the snake didn't say anything to him. So the man went off.

That night he camped out in a lonely place, for his home was very far away. The raiding party he had been with was scattered by a band of soldiers. He had only one blanket. He built a fire, roasted a rabbit, and, after eating it and saying a few prayers, went to bed.

He was sound asleep when all at once something touched him. He threw the blanket off his head and looked around but didn't see anything. He thought it might have been a branch fallen off the tree under which he was sleeping, and he started to cover up again. But he heard a sound, like something rubbing against the tree, and a second time something touched him. He threw off the covers. Nothing was in sight. He was about to go to sleep for the third time when the thing came again. He paid no attention and tried to go to sleep. The same thing happened for the fourth time, and he thought he heard someone come down from the tree. He was pretty sure some man was playing a trick on him. It didn't seem to frighten him a bit. He heard a voice, but he just kept his head covered. He tried to recognize it, but he did not know the voice. He stayed still as the voice came closer.

The fourth time it spoke, the voice said, "Wake up! Get up! Someone is coming to see you. You've been asking for me. Here I am. What do you want?"

The man knew it was some kind of power, and, as he looked up, rubbing his eyes, he saw a large snake. He started to cry out but changed his mind. The snake told him not to be frightened, that it had come for a good purpose, to help him out and give him good things which he needed. He said, "Very well," and before Snake could speak again he marked it with piñon pollen.

Then the snake asked him what he wanted. The man said, "I want many good things, for I like to help others."

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The snake said, "I'll show you where these things are. Stand up and come with me."

He looked at the snake again, and there was a handsome man, dressed in Indian clothes. He carried a rattle made of a wild gourd decorated with eagle feathers and with the feathers of many other birds.

A door opened in front of them on the side of a big rock. The sun was shining in there, and it looked like daylight. Inside they had to pass a big crevice, too wide to jump. A single spider had spun its thread across. The man asked, "How do we cross?" and the snake said, "I'll lead you. Follow me." The man said, "Two of us can't cross on that thread; it might break." Snake said, "Come." They both got on and stepped across. The man seemed to be walking on a wide board; the web felt stiff. It never bent or sagged.

After crossing this place, they came to another door. It was thrown open, and a stronger light shone ahead. A great black snake was in their path. It had a large mouth, and it rose up and struck at them. But the man was told to come ahead, and so he stepped in front of the snake and continued.

Then they came to a blue snake with white eyes. From its mouth came flames. They had to cross in front of this snake, and it bit at them. The man stopped, but his guide told him to come, and he passed right in front of it.

Now they came to another place. A door opened and a still stronger yellow light shone out. At the entrance was a yellow rock and a great yellow snake was coiled on it, striking at them. The snake moved and rolled around. The guide stepped right on top of the snake and told the man to follow.

Then they came to another big door. The guide spoke, and the door opened to them. Inside there was still more light, and it hurt the man's eyes. But his guide touched his eyes, and he could see again. There was a great white snake with a big white tongue there, rolling in their path. The tip of the tongue looked like fire, but there was no heat to it at all. The snake didn't seem to pay any attention to them. The guide told the man to continue. They had to crawl through the coils.

Finally they came to the place where there was a man sitting. He was in charge of all these snakes and was very powerful. This one spoke to the Chiricahua and said, "My child, where have you come from? No man has ever entered this place. Why have you come? Who brought you and who showed you the way?"

The Chiricahua said, "That man brought me. You have power of all kinds and that's why I've come. I want the best you've got to help me and my people."

The other replied, "I have many things here that you want. Those things I show you, you can take. If you don't see them, tell me the things you want most."

The Chiricahua said, "I wish to have the power Yusn gives, and Child of the Water, White Painted Woman—things like that."

The man said, "I don't give that power, but I can ask for this for you. I am going to give you power. Wait here until I get back."

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825 He walked away to a table made of rock and prayed. The clouds darkened,
787 lightning flashed, and it thundered, and the whole place seemed to shake. In a
539 little while this man came back and gave the Chiricahua something that stood
708 for his power. He took this thing and thanked the man.
755 The one who gave the power said, "I'm glad you've come here. Do not tell others about this for four years. We will let you know when to practice it."

At that the Chiricahua thought he was stepping out of one door, but he was right at his bedding. There was nobody there. He heard the birds start to sing, and he got right up. It was morning.

This power never spoke to him until four years were over. One time his child was sick and he wanted to help his boy, but he had not been spoken to yet. He prayed in different ways. He did his best but he couldn't do much for the child, who kept getting worse all the time. Finally he hired a San Carlos Apache who knew a ceremony. This man held a ceremony for four nights. The power which the San Carlos knew told him that the father was going to have a ceremony to heal, but that he could not use it yet. This San Carlos Indian said to the father "Your power is stronger than mine. You hired me and you can cure the child yourself. But I will do my best to help you, for you believe in me." He helped him that much and the child got well.

One night, a little more than a year after this, he was wondering why the power had not spoken to him yet, when something struck his tent and shook it. It hit the tent from the four directions, from the sunrise first and around to the north. Then the tent moved way up in the air, it seemed. It did it four times that night.

The next day he was going after his horses to water them. He hunted and hunted for those horses until close to sundown. He was tired out and started to go back when a whirlwind came up, went to the four directions, came toward him, and disappeared. As he stood there he heard a voice calling him by his own name. "You have been thinking of me all night. The things you have seen are to tell you it's time for you to practice the power you received in the holy place where you have been. You've lost your horses and have been walking all day. Your horses are a little way up the right-hand canyon. Soon they will come up and shake their heads and rub against you. You can take them to water."

His horses came and he watered them and turned them loose. He got back to his tent and thought of his power. He took out the object given to him in the holy home and marked it with pollen of the cattail. Then he lifted it up to the four directions and prayed with all that was in him. His wife and children watched but did not know what he was doing.

He was being shown by his power what to use in his ceremony and what to avoid. People who had power were shown to him in groups. One group had less power, another more. He saw himself with the group that had greatest power. He was shown a big eagle flying toward him, about to pick his children up. His power told him that this did not mean that the eagle was going to take his children away but that they would have power of some kind when they got older.

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Above him he saw different people, whites and Chinese, and others. He knew they had power, a different kind of power. Among his own people he saw people who had the same kind of power he had; they were healers and shamans.

While it is not impossible for a snake ceremony to counteract other ailments, it is most often used to cure snake sickness:

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At Hot Springs there was a woman who was kin to me. She was just a little bit of a woman, but she knew the ceremony of the snake pretty well. During the time we lived at Hot Springs, P., my brother, and I went out to shoot birds with our arrows. We went to a prairie-dog town. My brother, who was older than I, was watching birds, and he ran into a snake. The snake bit him on the kneecap, and he couldn't walk. He fell right there. P. ran to tell our family, and I stayed with him.

As soon as he heard what had happened, my father went to get this woman. They came and carried my brother to camp in a blanket. He sweated and sweated.

Then the old woman came over. She said, "Well, I'll try it." First they had to give her turquoise, and she told my brother to mark her. He marked her foot with a cross of pollen and went around to her shoulders, chest, head, back, and down the other side the way they do. Then she could begin.

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She put pollen on the boy and put it to the directions. She put some in his mouth and made a cross of it where he was bitten. Then she sang. She used no drum. . . . . She sang snake songs. The boy lay in front of her. She started in the afternoon and sang until sundown. She sang like this during the day for four days.

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After she sang her songs she called on the biggest snake, the most poisonous kind. She said to it, "I want you to take your poison back. Put it back in your heart. I have sung your song and said your prayer and have done just what you told me to do. Now I want you to do what I say and not bother this poor boy." She didn't suck the wound. After calling on the snake she laughed. "The boy will be all right," she said. "Snake hears me."

The swelling went down, and he got well. She told him, "You will never be bitten by a snake again."

During the ceremony she said many things about snakes. She said that Snake has legs, four of them, but that no one except those who know Snake can see them. They are of turquoise, made like a ball, and he rolls along on them. That's why Snake likes turquoise. When a man is sick from Snake, the first thing he must do is give her turquoise. A woman must give her white stone. She said that Snake likes turquoise and pollen. He likes to eat pollen. She said that she could take pollen and put it there and sing, and a snake would come from the grass and eat it.

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I saw her perform many ceremonies. Sometimes she would sing and rub saliva on the place where the person was bitten, and the swelling would go down right away.

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411 788 789 Now the bow and arrows (or the gun) are held against the chest, pointing first downward to the left, then upward to the right. At the same time face the east and pray. The weapon is next worked over the right shoulder, across the back, and down to the left hand.

Then the bow string is run through the mouth, and some of the "juice" of the string is sucked off. This is spit into the palm of the left hand, and crosses are made with the juice as before. Then the prayer is repeated.

778 [772] *Sacred places and summary.*—Besides the homes of the Mountain People, places with markings on the walls or on rocks may be considered sacred. "I have heard the old men tell of one cave which has the sun, moon, stars, and Mountain Spirits on the walls. . . . . They pray when they see this."

There are also wayside shrines and places of offering:

[782] It is a pile of rock and stones about four feet high and eight feet wide. There are four holes in the center. The foundation is east and west, and the holes are running toward the east. You pick up a stone or leaves and hold this to the four corners—east, south, west, and north—while you pray. Then you drop what you have in the hole. It's asking a blessing. They take this to be a holy place.

We were on a trip by horse and we came to one of these. The older people told us younger ones what to do. We were on horseback. We rode around the left side of the shrine and dropped the stone in and then came right back. We could have done it on foot too. I have heard ceremonial songs, a long time ago, mention these shrines. The name means that rocks churn about in this place.

[773] [777] One informant ascribed the origin of sacred shrines to the mythological figure, Kantaneiro, who "told the Indians to do this for long life and good luck."

These shrines are now used primarily as a place of contemplation and prayer by persons starting on a perilous trip:

There is a ceremonial place on that mountaintop. The people go there before they leave on a long or dangerous journey. It is believed that, if you go to the place and drop a stone on the pile already there or throw on a sprig of a juniper tree, you will return safely.

128 In a society where shamanism is so broadly construed, to be sure that every possible rite is represented in a collection, it would be necessary to have the perfect confidence of everyone in the community and to work with every adult. What has been [787] presented is admittedly only a sampling. Comments and stories pertaining to ceremonies obtained through supernatural experi-

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ences with Water Monster, Fire, Haze, Cyclone, Star, Moon, Sun, Cloud, Badger, Bat, Beaver, Mountain Lion, Wildcat, Bush Tit, Crow, Eagle, Hawk, Hummingbird, Yellow Warbler, and insects have been excluded because of considerations of space. But if the pattern, the range of power sources and ceremonies, and enough of the individual behavior to leaven the whole have emerged, the purpose has been achieved. It is interesting that, despite theoretical catholicity, the kinds of ceremonies obtained are, in practice, delimited by the concepts of disease and by the most vexing problems of existence. Thus, while power may be obtained from a wide variety of supernaturals, natural forces, animals, and the like, it is from a relatively small number of these (such as the game animals and the dreaded creatures which must be placated) that most rites actually come.

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SKEPTICISM

Accounts of ceremonies usually come from the shaman himself, from his relatives and friends, or from a patient he has successfully treated. Therefore, what is said will in most cases reflect the sentiments of the believer. But any member of the tribe can be, on occasion, a sharp critic of supernatural claims. This was so clear to one shaman that he told his audience: "Many of you people don't believe in what I'm doing. You think I'm a fake. I tell you to your faces that many of you will be willing to be this man when you see how I restore him."

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Criticism and skepticism are not likely to appear in stories of the acquisition and use of power, but they are revealed in casual conversations. For instance, when I asked an informant to identify another man for me, he described him as a shaman who had attempted to cure his wife of a swollen throat and had failed.

The attitude of respect for a basic pattern, tempered by doubt in regard to any individual claim which seems extravagant or unfounded, is illustrated in a "ghost" story:

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One man was telling me that when he was coming home from hunting, between dark and dawn, he saw two big eyes looking at him. He got pretty frightened. He didn't want to shoot at it because he didn't know what it was. So he ran way around and approached it from the other side. When he got there he

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saw it was a cow. He said that if he had been like many Indians he would have run away and said it was a ghost. That's how most of this ghost business turns out. Three-fourths of it is just something natural, if you stay around to find out. Of course, there are some experiences with ghosts that are real.

Precedent for a sense of proportion in respect to the claims and motives of would-be shamans is found in the traditions. A tale is told of a woman who boasted of her ability to determine the whereabouts of the enemy by means of her supernatural power. One night, when the people feared a surprise attack, they asked this woman to perform her rite for them. She went about the inside of the windbreak in which they were clustered, solemnly moved her arms around, and assured them, "There is nothing. It is good all over." But in giving them this encouraging message, she leaned too far over the windbreak, and enemy soldiers who had crawled to it pulled her over and made her captive. The others, warned by her fate if not by her ceremony, fled under cover of darkness.

Another story has to do with a visitor who is asked to use his ceremony to find some missing tribesmen. He sings, shakes as though influenced by some invisible force, and is led into the brush. Returning, he asserts that a fully equipped horse must be tethered at a distant point to the east if his power is to continue the search. This is done, and again the man sings and is led into the darkness by his power, this time to the west. The others wait a long time for him to come back. Finally a hard-headed member of the group exclaims, "I'll bet he went over to the horse!" This, indeed, is the case; the pretender has made off with the finest horse in the encampment.

Religiosity is thus tempered with a saving humor and distrust which act as brakes upon unreasonable claims. In a setting where each person is allowed wide latitude in the acquisition of power, the threat of public ridicule is a force in the maintenance of the pattern. The individualistic principle itself becomes a curb. Any person may claim extraordinary supernatural experiences, but any other person may equally question the validity of the assertion. Each shaman knows that there are those who believe in the efficacy of his rite and those who do not and that it is

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Another thing about the hunt according to the old Chiricahua ways: The older men would always give this advice to the younger. "Don't eat before you go out on the hunt," they would say. "Even though you have plenty in camp, don't eat in the morning before you go out. Go out and hunt with an empty stomach. Then Yusn will pity you. Perhaps you will not see anything to shoot though it is late in the day. You'll be empty, hungry, an object of pity. But if you go out with a full stomach, you'll hunt all day and won't get anything. As soon as you make your kill and come back with it, you can eat all you want."

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The crow is associated with the hunt. A tale relates how animals were kept hidden by the crows until Killer of Enemies, with the help of Coyote, freed them during the absence of their keepers. The crows returned just in time to see their animals escape, and in their anger called the names of the waste products which form their usual fare. "So the human beings get all the best part of the meat, and the crows get what is left." On the basis of this story, the appearance of a crow just before the hunt is accepted as a favorable omen:

224 825 [787]

Well, suppose I am planning to go out hunting tomorrow. Crow might be very happy, flying around my camp. Then I might say, "Well, Crow, I'm going out hunting tomorrow and if I kill a deer you'll get the entrails, so help me." The crow must be connected in some way with hunting, but I've never heard how. But that's the way of it.

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The attitude of the hunter should be one of reverence and generosity:

If I am going hunting with you, before we start out you might tell me, "If I kill two deer for you, I'm going to kill a good fat one and it will be mine." You must not show your selfishness in any way. If you say anything like this and walk all day and get no deer, you know what is the cause of it. You brought it on yourself. And even if you have killed several deer and you say something like this, you'll have bad luck later on. It'll make it bad for you. [777]

224 [285] [777]

The attitude against optimism is emphasized particularly in one of the rules of the hunt.[1] "The Chiricahua don't allow baskets around the hunt. To bring them means that you are overconfident that they are going to be filled up. It spoils your luck."

In late fall, when the deer are fatter and the hides better,

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[1] One elderly informant, an Eastern Chiricahua, claimed to know nothing of this rule.

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726 411 After the fast-loading gun with cartridges already fixed was in use, you had to be very quick and a good warrior to use a spear. Not everyone used spears. Just a few were brave enough to use a spear that close.

756 726 .787 [789] Before the beginning of the journey constant measures of a religious nature are taken. Amulets are procured; protective caps and jackets are made or refurbished; shamans are consulted concerning the probable outcome of the expedition. "The leader goes to a shaman and says, 'You know something. Help us. What will happen?' Then the shaman sings and prays and he tells the people to go on, that they will have success." Sometimes the prophecies of the shaman are not so reassuring, however. "Before they leave camp they might all go in a body to the shaman. He conducts his ceremony, and if he feels that the raid will not come off safely, he says so, and the party does not go out."

Raiding and warfare are the special interests of those who have supernatural power to find or frustrate the enemy. Therefore, one or more shamans are fairly sure to accompany any large war party. Not infrequently the leader himself is a man renowned for his religious attainments as well as for his military prowess. During the entire course of the journey the advice of those who claim revelations in regard to war are treated with respect. Even if the party does not include eminent shamans, the rank-and-file warriors do not fail to come ritually prepared: [708] [278] "Each warrior carries a bag of pollen. Pollen is given to him with other herbs if he gets sick [during the war expedition]."

726 [198] The entire encampment gathers to watch the departure of the group. "They start sometime in the morning. When they are going for a real fight, everyone sees them off. When the men leave in the morning, the women give their call of applause."

722 562 784 The women, especially the wives of the departing men, have certain obligations during the absence of the warriors:

The women are careful about keeping the woodpile neat while the men are gone. The wood should be placed one way and should not be scattered, and the children should be kept off it for fear they will throw it around, and then the man will be lost. There are no other restrictions on the women when the husbands are out fighting. Some women pray when their husbands are out. Some are as religious as anything, but this praying is not general. During raids or wars the

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death occurs near by, others take off their red clothes at once. It is because red is colorful and stands for a good time. If your relative dies and you see someone wearing red, you say, "Well, that fellow wore red when I was sad. When his relative dies, I'm going to wear red just for meanness." Fights and bad feelings can start from this; enemies can be made in this way.

And yet, in spite of all the determined efforts to obliterate the memory of the dead, a prolonged period of formal mourning is sanctioned:

For some time after the death of his wife a man will not dress in fine clothes or colors. And he won't go to social dances. He won't even be invited, because the people know he isn't thinking of such things. A woman will not attend the social dancing at a puberty rite, though it is held several months after her husband's death. She will wait about a year before she will go to such affairs.

Moreover, regardless of all warnings concerning the danger of excessive grief, some individuals find it impossible to repress their sorrow:

A woman may wail for a dead relative before sunrise for years after he dies if some special calamity has come which she thinks wouldn't have come if the relative were alive. Or she may wail when she sees a special friend of her dead son, or one who is of the same age and looks like him.

While the relatives are observing the necessary rites, the ghost of the departed makes its way or is led by other ghostly kin to the underworld, "a beautiful place beneath the ground, where a nice stream of water flows between banks that are lined with cottonwood trees, and everything is green." This home of the departed has been variously termed by informants "where the cottonwoods stand in a line," "ground that is streaked with red," "underground," "where they go off," and "where they go down." The last two names refer to the manner of reaching this subterranean paradise:

Our concept is down, a place beneath. When I was a child, many years ago, the Chiricahua never talked about where other Indians go at death. They just talked about where their own people, the Chiricahua, go. We think of a dead person going on to another life—of his whole body, as it was on earth, going to the other world. He is really transferred to that other world.

When a person is very sick and is unconscious, it is said that he is somewhere else, that his ghost has gone where the dead people are, to visit his friends. If he regains consciousness, it is because his ghost gets back again, and when he gets well he may tell where he was. Every once in a while someone has an experience like this. That is how we know where the place is and what it looks like.

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For instance, when I was a little boy someone was very sick, more dead than alive. He peeped into the underworld. But he didn't quite go there. He came back and told what he saw. He described the entrance to it as a huge sand pile upon which people are dropped and which they are trying to climb. But the sand gives way, and they don't get to this world again. The underworld, according to this man, lies just below our present world.

When a person dies, he goes under the ground. He goes through an opening in the ground which is cut out like a window. Someone leads him to it so he can't miss it. There is tall grass all around it to hide it and make it look natural. When this opens, there is a great pile of sand, shaped like a tepee or cone, stretching down beneath. It is a far distance from the top to the bottom. Once a person is down there, it is almost impossible to get back. Once he is through the gate it is impossible for the person who is really dead to come back to life; yet some who are just very sick or in a death coma, but who later recover, can come back and tell about it. This big sand hill closes off the underworld for those who are there. If you are in the underworld and succeed in getting to the top of it, you will get back to earth and life. But it is almost impossible. Many try it. They get up so far, and then the sand rolls down with them.

The conditions of life in the underworld are pictured by one who claims to have glimpsed the place during a serious illness:

The same ways we have here are carried on down there too. Those people dance, eat, and sleep. A person down there can actually feel another in the flesh. The people remain the same age as they were when they died. I saw people as they were when they went. That is the way it is always seen. There is no sickness, death, pain, or sorrow there. Those who were good and those who were bad are down there together. I saw them all mixed together. The same places, the same sacred mountains, the same ceremonies exist there as here. It is just as though everything is transferred to a different country.

Always the emphasis is upon the perpetuation of customary activities:

There is no death there, but lots of good things to eat. Affairs go on in the same way, but better. Those who are there just go on living happily. Life means more. It is always the same life, the hunting, the raids, and all, as in the old days. There are the same puberty rite, masked dances, and sacred mountains. In the underworld they are just like a big community, but they are split up into the same groups as on earth. Each person is with his own group. And each does the same things he used to do when he was on earth. As the story goes, if you were an arrow-maker, you are there making arrows. If you were a good hunter, you are over there hunting. If you were a great warrior on earth, you are out at war.

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And so, at the final point to which we have traced this culture, the underworld in which it has been faithfully projected, we take leave of the Chiricahua life-way.

2: Castetter and Opler N, E-5 (1931-1934)1936
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821 784 776 Space does not permit a full discussion of the restrictions in food, speech, and even in the color of objects displayed during a storm, which are obeyed in order to appease the thunder people. But enough has been given, perhaps, to demonstrate that the Apache conceive of this natural force as alive and personified.

825 The same characterization attaches to insects and animals. To kill a spider will bring retaliation by his fellows. Therefore it is customary when an Apache has inadvertently stepped on a spider for him to say, "So-and-So killed you," [648] naming someone he especially dislikes. During the wars with the United States soldiers a favorite remark was, "Washington did it," when such a mishap occurred. The [753] malice of a mistreated horse or dog was said to result in serious consequences, and the ants were said to afflict anyone with bladder stones who urinated in or near their hills.

825 224 The extent to which it was thought necessary to go in order to win the approval and co-operation of the animal world is clearly indicated in hunting practices. The customs pertaining to the hunting of deer will serve as an example. [824] The deer are said to be sensitive to certain plants, such as wild onions and osha, and will hide from a hunter who digs them up or eats them immediately before the hunt. To eat 825 224 784 before leaving for the hunt would be to forfeit any chance of success; even if there is an abundance of food at hand, the [264] hunter must go out hungry, for the deer are not likely to take pity on a full stomach and reveal themselves. When the kill is made, the head must be turned to the east, and, in butchering, the carcass may never be straddled, nor may the hunter walk on the east side past the head. The lower end of the big intestine must be left for Raven. The eyes must be kept from Raven till the meat is brought in, otherwise, the game would not be fit for consumption. If a hunter should be unable to find or kill deer for some time, he would assume [787] that he had been careless in one of these or similar particulars and would go to a man who has a ceremony from deer in order to learn what he had done "against" the deer and how to correct matters.

2: Castetter and Opler N, E-5 (1931-1934)1936
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CEREMONIAL LIFE

771 The ceremonial life of the Chiricahua and Mescalero Apache reflects that close relation to the immediate natural surroundings which we have already noted. It is thought [778] that supernatural power pervades the world and that if the individual can so arrange matters that some of it is available to guide, warn, and advise him, he will elude many dangers and enjoy many advantages. It is characteristic 778 of his thinking that the Apache should conceive of this force 787 as reaching him through the instrumentality of the objects with which he is most familiar. In former days almost every Apache of these two tribes could be expected to have supernatural experiences in which animals, plants, or natural forces offered him ceremonies. Though the sources through which power was obtained were various, the manner and details of the encounter were quite stylized. Most often the donor of the ceremony appeared first in its own guise and then changed to the form of an Apache man. He led the recipient to a "holy home," usually within some cave or mountain, where the Apache was tested and initiated into the rite he was henceforth to use. There he learned the songs and prayers, received instructions concerning the purposes for which the ceremony was to be efficacious, and was told the ceremonial gifts which he must demand before agreeing to perform his ceremony.

The key to Chiricahua and Mescalero religious life is this personal relationship and rapport which is established between the Apache man or woman and one or more sources of supernatural power. When an Apache has had such an encounter he feels that he has "something to live by," something with which, by means of his prayers and his songs, he can always communicate, and of which he can ask guidance and advice. Some Apache use their "power" on this personal and practical level only, as little more than a monitor 755 or "guardian spirit." But the chief function of such cere- 778 monies is curative. Through his songs and prayers the Apache reaches the ear of his power, and pleads that a sick

2: Castetter and Opler N, E-5 (1931-1934)1936
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MESCALERO

755 fourth verse of the songs, or at the end of the second or fourth song, he looks for some sign or word from his power which will guide him in the further steps to be taken. If sorcery has caused the complaint, the object shot into the victim by the sorcerer may have to be sucked out, either through a tube or with the lips. A concoction of herbs as [757] medicine may be prescribed. Food and behavior taboos may [784] be imposed on the patient. Various plants may be burned that the patient may inhale the smoke. Parts of animals and ceremonial objects may be rubbed on the sufferer's body.

755 82 Red ochre, white clay, and specular iron ore figure prominently in Apache ceremonials in addition to the ritual objects already mentioned. Snakeweed *(Gutierrezia* sp.), grama grass *(Bouteloua* sp.) and sage *(Artemisia* sp.) are plants much used in ceremonial contexts. The source from which curative power comes is nearly always represented in the rite by some body part. If that source is animal, its hide or some part of it will be in evidence. If it is a bird, the tail feather will, in all likelihood, be found among the ceremonial paraphernalia manipulated.

778 787 789 Though curing occupies the central place in Apache ceremonialism, power can be approached with other ends in view, and its aid obtained for locating the enemy, finding lost objects, helping in the hunt, for learning the probable outcome of a given course of action, and for the solving of many other problems.

852 There were ceremonies, too, which were performed over the growing child at specific times to insure for him long life and good health. A ceremony was held when the child was put into the cradle; another when he was about to walk. About a year later, in the spring, a rite was performed in which the hair was cut, that it might afterwards grow out full and thick.

881 The only Apache ceremony which deviated from the shamanistic principle and which did not depend for its success upon the personal relation between a shaman and [793] his power, was the girl's puberty rite. This was a rite which in theory had been taught to the Apache by the culture hero

3:Opler E-5 (1931-1937)1946
NT8 Eastern Apache NT8
Chiricahua

121 754 128 plasticity of supernatural power, namely, that power may be used for good or evil depending on the character and design of the shaman. Moreover, they suggest that, according to the Chiricahua view, evil may arise either from the malevolence of man or from the advantages which evil power offers man if he will agree to be the instrument of the forces of malice. But it is plain throughout that sorcery can operate only through man and that consequently evil cannot flourish as long as humankind resists it courageously.

The last episode is included, despite its modern elements, because it is a good example of what takes place when new symbols are substituted for old without a change in the basic thought and attitude pattern. [178]

754 787 539 1. *The Power of Sorcery Is Offered to a Chiricahua*

A friend told me he had a chance to be a witch. This was at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.[1] He was sleeping in his house alone at night. There was a window right by him. It was dark. He heard somebody get in and walk around every night. He'd lock up carefully, but he'd hear the window and door rattle and someone get in.

This thing appeared to him inside the house one night. An old woman and an old man came in naked and stood by his bed.[2] They were no persons he knew, just spirits. He was talking to them. While they were talking, a young boy and girl came in entirely naked and stood before him. And they told him, "We came over here to give you power to be a witch."

He says he talked to them. He said, "How am I going to be a witch?"

He told me later, "My friend, it's no wonder that when you suspect a witch you can't find out about him. It's right in here in the middle of the tongue. They told me to stick my tongue

[648] [98] [577] [291] [835]

[1] This story dates back to the time when the Chiricahua were held as prisoners of war at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, after being removed from their territory in the Southwest.

[2] Shamelessness, nakedness, and incest are associated with sorcery on the grounds that only witches would be guilty of such excesses.

3:Opler E-5 (1931-1937)1946
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out. They had pollen and said, 'Stick your tongue out. We'll cross your tongue with pollen and then anything you say you want to happen to a person, like wanting him to be killed, will happen that way.' I said, 'Go away, leave me alone! I'm a poor man. If it doesn't do good for my people, I don't want it.' I refused it, and they all opened the door and went out. But the next day the door was locked."[3]

He said, "That's why a witch will say, 'All right, if I'm a witch, find it. Take it out and I'll admit it.' You'd have to take his tongue out. You can't find it on him, but it's there."

That's what he told me, but I doubt that he refused it. Some say he is a witch. Everybody knows his father was a witch.[4]

2. *The Leader Who Refused to Sacrifice a Man to His Power*

This is a story of the early days. This man was a great warrior. I've forgotten his name; my father knows it; all the old men do. This man was a great shaman in the right way, otherwise he would not have done what he did. This man was leading man of the warriors. He had charge of a big group of them. He seemed to know through his power what was going to happen.

One time his power said, "In a day or so you are going to get into action against the enemy. I have helped you in many ways with beneficial power; now you have to do it the way I want it. I want the bravest man in your group. I want you to give that man to me to be killed."[5]

[3] Pollen, epecially pollen of the tule, is much used by the Chiricahua in ceremonial contexts. The cross, symbolizing the four directions, also appears frequently. Power, either for good or evil, may be accepted or rejected by the individual approached. Witches are usually charged with using material objects, such as the bones and hair of the dead, in their nefarious enterprises.

[4] This man was most indiscreet to admit that evil power had been offered to him. Witches and witchcraft are so generally and irrationally feared that even to hint of exposure to such temptation may make his friends and relatives uneasy and suspicious. If public opinion ever turns against him, his account may be distorted and used to his disadvantage.

[5] To control much supernatural power is not always an unmixed blessing, the Chiricahua believe, for power, after helping a shaman for an extended

3:Opler E-5 (1931-1937)1946
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756 He answered, "I will do no such thing!" He was a brave
778 man himself. He got angry at his power. He said, "What were
782 you from the beginning when you first spoke to me? I like to
539 see my people increase in population with what power you give
787 me to help me along. I love all my men, my warriors. They want to live in the world as long as they can. I love all these people, women and all. If you were a witch from the beginning, why didn't you tell me? I don't like witch people; I won't have witches talk to me. You promised me that it was all good for my people and myself." You didn't say that I'd have to give my people every now and then." He was arguing with his power, you see.

The power told him, "I have helped you a lot. I have gotten you out of danger and helped you in many other ways. And now I merely ask you for a man to pay for that, and you won't let me have one!"

The Apache said, "That's all right, I guess, but my habit is not that way, and I'm not going to do it. If you mean to save yourself a whole lot of trouble just take me. I love all the men. What have they to do with this power? If you want to take anyone or have anyone killed, take me."

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period, may one day ask for "payment." Such payment might include a request that a relative or friend of the shaman be sacrificed. The complicity of the shaman, then, amounts to failure to warn the friend of the impending disaster or failure to use his influence over his power to dissuade it from the deed. The power works obliquely and takes its victims through sickness or during battle.

[154] "The shaman is hinting that this power must be evil rather than good. The Chiricahua conceive of the duality of supernatural power. Power may be used for good or for evil. In the latter case it is considered witchcraft. The impetus for the use of power for evil may come from the power itself, as in this story, or from the shaman. Sometimes a shaman will not consent to act as a tool of evil power; sometimes a source of power will desert a person "through whom it works" because that person wishes to use it in unsavory connections. For a summary of these beliefs see Morris Edward Opler, "The Concept of Supernatural Power among the Chiricahua and Mescalero Apaches," *American Anthropologist*, vol. 37, no. 1, 1935, pp. 65–70 and *An Apache Life-Way*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1941, pp. 242–257.

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They were talking during the day. The power said, "All right, I'll give you tonight and all day tomorrow. Tomorrow night you tell me what you are going to do."

The next day he called all his warriors and all his group together and all gathered around him. He said, "My brothers and sisters, what I have known for you people I thought was good. But at last I find out it is witchcraft. Last night I was fighting with my power. In another day or so we are going into battle. And my power told me to give up one of the very best warriors, the bravest man, the best man. I told my power, 'I will not do it. Just take me. If this ceremony is evil why didn't you tell me in the first place?' Power is angry with me, and I'm angry with him. My power told me to answer today or tonight and tell what I'm going to do."

He promised those Indians he would not do what the power requested. He said he'd rather pay the death himself. He said, "In a day or so we're going into battle. I may be killed then, for I will not give up one of my men. We've got to have this battle. We can't escape it. And I'm going to pay the death myself, but no one else will get hurt. Go ahead and fight the battle." He was a brave man.

Night came. He began to dispute with his power again. He wanted his way and Power wanted his. Finally his power said, "Well, then, I'll take you."

He said, "All right, for you're not going to have your way." So the next morning he told the Apache again that he was not going to live more than a few days longer.

After another day or so they got into battle, so they claim. It was a hand-to-hand fight with guns, close. All the Indians fought faithfully. They killed many of their enemies. This shaman was the only man killed on their side. He was shot right in the forehead. That happened a long time ago.

3. *Old Dick Cures His Friend*

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There was a man who had power in a different way. He, too, could heal in many ways and he performed his ceremony against

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755 sickness. If the sick one was witched, he would not try it but
756 would tell to whom it was best to go to have it taken out.[7] If it
778 was just a matter of sickness he could do it himself.
789 This man, while he was in Oklahoma, was riding along. He
539 did many things he ought not to have tried. He took out objects of witchcraft. This Apache's power warned him not to touch the witch and not to try it. He was told he was going up against a rock he could not go through. He saw a big tree in the open. The tree asked him to move it to a place he liked better. He could not do it. It was just like that. And Power showed him in another way. It showed him a mountain. He asked it to move, but it would not move. It was like that. He did not have the power to do it.

"We cannot bother witches," his power told him. But he went on and held the ceremony. He held it for two days. At the end of the two days he tried to pull it out.[8] He was up against it. He couldn't do a thing.

His power told him. "You're going to take it out next time but you're going to give your life for that boy."[9]

So he pulled it out. But it stuck in him. And the ceremony was over. The boy got well, but in four days this man got sick.

One friend who loved him hired a very powerful man to cure him. Everybody knew this man. He was Old Man Dick. Dick sang over him for six days and couldn't get him back to his senses. Then he got very angry. The last ceremony of the seventh day and night he said, "I'm going to send my power to help the one who is going away from us, and I don't think he will go away."[10] And he can have my power and we'll carry on together and do nothing but good in this world."

[7] In other words, he acted as a diagnostician in cases of witchcraft. [171] That the Navaho had diagnosticians is well known; that they existed also among the Chiricahua and other Apache groups is less well understood.

[8] Shamans cured the victims of witches by extracting from their bodies objects of witchcraft which had been "shot" into them by the evildoers.

[9] That is, he succeeded only in transferring the cause of the sickness from the boy to himself. [195]

[10] A euphemism for dying.

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The seventh night when Dick got back to his camp he got after his power. The power said, "Don't get after me for a little thing. I know what's the matter with him. I know what to do for him. He's all right. He's not going away. His power put him in trouble. He can keep that or throw it away, but he can also have me if he wants to, and he and you can practice this ceremony and do good among your people."

Then on that seventh night Dick studied it and sent his power that night. Then they saw Tuisga sitting up. He was much better. They called for Dick. He knew what it was. When he came into the house he marked the house with pollen, marked the people present, and marked Tuisga.[11] At daybreak Tuisga was lifted up by the power.

While this was being done Dick was praying. He prayed and prayed and said, "All present, don't become frightened. You'll see something with your eyes." Then from high up you could hear something falling. It came from the sunrise and hit the roof. The house trembled.[12] They heard an object hit on the south side. The house moved. Then from the west side an object fell. The house seemed to quiver. Then from the north side, and they thought the roof was coming off this time. All were quietly praying.

Then Dick did something else. He asked that flour gravy be brought and given to this man. Tuisga was very hungry and weak. He hadn't eaten for sixteen days.

"Now," said Dick, "I'm going to sing one song with four verses, and everybody is going to dance whether he likes it or not.[13] And you women can call when you hear White-Painted Woman and Child-of-the-Water mentioned at the first verse."[14]

[11] Pollen, usually obtained from the cattail tule and symbolizing health, growth, and vitality, was a most sacred substance for the Chiricahua and was omnipresent in ceremonies. Marking the patient, the people, and the place with pollen is an act of blessing and purification.

[12] The Chiricahua Apache ceremonial circuit is sunwise, beginning with the east, the most important ritual direction.

[13] The dance may function as a prayer in Chiricahua ceremonialism.

[14] The ceremonial call of the women is a high-pitched ululating cry.

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755 After the fourth word Child-of-the-Water will be mentioned. At
756 the sixth word White-Painted Woman will be mentioned. Then
778 you dance and after the singing let him eat the gravy." Every-
787 thing came out the way he said.
539 Then they wanted to hear Tuisga sing. Tuisga started to sing himself. Tuisga said later, "Neither of us remembered one word of that song afterward. That was a supernatural song. Power was practicing it on me. I did not know it. Through it they were healing me."

After the ceremony everyone was glad.

I wasn't there at this time. He told me the story night after night, for he wanted me to be a shaman. He said, "You listen to this. It's worth while. And some day you will know the ceremony and be telling it like this."[15]

4. *The Witch Who Made Off With a Horse*

791 Enti was a Central Chiricahua, but he was always traveling
778 around.[16] Once he came to the camp of Old Chihuahua, the
539 Eastern Chiricahua chief.
787 Chihuahua asked him, "Have you seen any Indians on your way here?"

"No."

"I wonder where they are. There used to be many Indians all through there. Maybe they've been driven out of there. I hear you have power to find people and to see the enemy. Suppose you hold a ceremony for us tonight and look for us."

[538] [15] Stories concerning the acquisition of a ceremony and its successful use are part of the stock in trade of the shaman. In order to insure co-
[113] operation and respect from his patient and the on-lookers, he usually prefaces the ceremony proper by such accounts. For an expansion of this point see Morris Edward Opler, "Some Points of Comparison and Contrast between the Treatment of Functional Disorders by Apache Shamans
[424] and Modern Psychiatric Practice," *American Journal of Psychiatry*, May, 1936, 1371–1387. A ceremony, subject to the approval of the power which is its source, may be passed on by a shaman to another person, and when it is so transferred it is necessary that the novice hear and learn the lore associated with it.

[192] [16] The word *ɛa'ti* (i nasalized) literally means "witch" or "sorcery."

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At first Enti said no. But they begged him and he agreed to do it.

That night, after dark, he started. He sang two songs. Then he stopped. He began to shake. He moved out into the brush as though he were being led.[17] In a few minutes he came back.

"My power tells me that you are to stake a fat horse to the east. And on him there must be a good saddle blanket and a saddle and a gun and ammunition. I don't know why this is required. When it is done I'll have to sing more and find out."

"Has anyone got a good horse to put there?" asked Chihuahua. One young man had a fine white horse and he offered to bring it. Another brought a saddle, and soon everything that was asked for was there and the horse was staked to the east.

Then Enti started singing again. He sang two more songs. Again he began to shake. He went around the camp and then his power led him out to the west. The men sat and waited for his return. They waited a long time and still he did not come back.

"I wonder what happened to that fellow," said Chihuahua.

"I'll bet he went over to that horse," said another.

"You had better run over and see," Chihuahua told him.

The man ran over there and, sure enough, the horse was gone.

When Enti got away with this horse he headed for Natazi. He came to the encampment of Cochise.[18] Enti had some kind of love ceremony and they say he had that whole camp crazy. He got away with six women. Then he heard that Cochise was after him and he ran off again. He came to Hot Springs country where my family lived. But Cochise and a group of men came after him. Cochise was a real fighter and not many stood out against him. They caught Enti at Hot Springs and

[17] In ceremonies to locate the position of the enemy or to find lost objects, the power is expected to move the outstretched arm or the body of the shaman in the proper direction.

[18] Cochise was the leader of the Central Chiricahua band. His son, Naiche, co-operated with Geronimo in the Indian War of 1886 which ended in the surrender of Geronimo to General Nelson A. Miles and the exile of the entire Chiricahua tribe from the west for 27 years.

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791 539 they tied him up, hung him up in the sun so he couldn't move. They were going to kill him there.

But some of the Hot Springs people asked Cochise about it. They wanted to know why he was treating this man like this; they wanted to know what Enti had done. Enti was sweating there in the sun and he was all cramped up from the way he was tied. "Kill me if you are going to and have it over," he told Cochise.

"Never mind, we'll take care of you when we're good and ready," Cochise told him and went off with some of the Hot Springs people, explaining what Enti had done over in his country.

While Cochise was away telling these things to some of the Hot Springs men, my father came along. He had been drinking and was feeling pretty happy. He saw Enti hung there, twisting and suffering from the heat. He took his knife and cut the ropes. Enti jumped on a horse and got away again. This was the time he came to Mescalero country. Cochise was certainly angry when he found out Enti was gone. But he was afraid to get after my father, for my father had many friends there.

Enti was finally killed at Mescalero. He made many enemies. Every time he got drunk he would tell someone, "I'm a witch and I'm going to kill you." So one time they killed him.[19]

He knew that Enti was his name. They called him that right to his face.[20]

787 539 ### 5. *The Man Who Signed Up With the Devil*

It's a very nasty thing I heard about a certain man. This happened about 1913, the spring of 1913, twenty years ago this month. Everybody says this fellow is a witch. He got sick

754 [19] There is considerable evidence that there were Chiricahua Apache who believed that they could harm or kill fellow tribesmen whom they disliked by means of supernatural power and who made threats and boasts concerning such activity, usually when under the influence of intoxicants.

551 578 [20] A Chiricahua will address a person by name only in anger or in an emergency situation. The implication here is that this man was occasionally called by this unsavory name in anger.

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toward spring sometime, and he pretty near died. It was pneumonia, I think. He told the story to others, and they spread it all right.

He was unconscious and out of his mind. He was out of his mind, but he wasn't dreaming. His relatives thought he was going to die. When he was out of his mind, he was somewhere else, as he told the story. He said afterward, "I saw the place where the dead people go. I was on a high mountain. On the side of the mountain there was grass, yucca, and rocks." His relatives were crying that he was going to die. He was already out of his mind and in the other place they said.

He said he felt that he was dying, and all at once he opened his eyes. He was sitting there and then he began to slide. He grasped the grass. He saw a big shoot down there.[21] He was part way in, just hanging on the edge.

Something said, "Look down there; that's where all the dead people are."

This man said, "I looked down there and saw all kinds of beasts down there. It's a big round cave. It's dark down there, but after while I saw bones. The animals, lions and others, were just waiting for me to fall." It's very, very peculiar, but it's the way he told it a few months before we came to Mescalero. He looked down and was holding on to the edge. The voice said, "Those are dead people's bones; those animals eat up the flesh."[22]

He did not yet know who was speaking to him. He just heard a voice. And he could hardly keep from sliding in there. It was a deep pit, nothing but solid rocks.

The voice said, "Look at me."

This man said, "I looked up. There was the Devil standing

[21] The aboriginal Chiricahua belief is of an underworld which the dead reach by falling through a hole in the earth's crust onto a cone of sand below.

[22] The punishment of the dead in the afterworld is an idea traceable to Christian doctrines. The aboriginal Chiricahua conception of the underworld pictured a land of plenty and contentment, with no judgment of the departed.

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787 796 539 [975] with horns and a tail with spears on; a red Devil, and every time he spoke, fire came out of his mouth.[23] The Devil told me, 'There's only one way you can be saved. You have to promise me that you'll be a faithful worker for me. Are you going to do it? If you say no, you're going to fall straight down and go to those beasts.'"

Then he replied, "Yes, I promise you I'll be a faithful worker for you if you will let me live in the world once more."

The man said, "All at once the Devil says, 'All right, stand up on the bank,' and he disappeared for a while. And then came the Devil with a high table and a big book and red ink. And he put the table there, and the book there, and I was standing right there. And he commenced to open the book, all written with red ink. He said, 'You see those men living here. Those are my men. They are living on earth. They are signed up with me already.' He kept turning the pages and came to the list of names. It was a big book and there were many pages to fill still. The Devil said, 'If you promise me you will do everything in this world that is wicked, if you will engage in mean ways and all that, I'll let you live a long while.'"

And they claim this man said, "All right," and signed up with him. After he signed his name the Devil disappeared. Then he opened his eyes. He was back on earth. His people were all crying and shouting.

He said, "What are you crying for? I'm not dead."

From then on he got well. He's a good worker too.

[178] [578] [23] In this account the Devil takes the place of evil power of older Chiricahua traditions and prolongs the life of the man who agrees to do his bidding. Needless to say, the person who made these allegations is a political and social enemy of the one who is accused of "signing up" with the Devil.

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756 778 787 825 A real shaman is one who considers that something talks to him, that he has a ceremony through sun, moon, star, lightning, or cyclone. I hear many say this. I said to one woman, "I hear you are a shaman." "Yes," she said, "the horse gives me power to do supernatural things. The one who speaks to me, the horse, lays down the rules." Some people, when they say "the one who speaks to me," may be talking of the spider, the deer, or the coyote. Geronimo sang coyote songs and had curing power from Coyote.

778 825 787 Power is obtained from all the different animals and birds, from the coyote, cattle, horse, and other things. They all have songs and they all have ceremonies. The Chiricahua get power from Crow, Eagle, Humming Bird, Cardinal, and other birds too. They used to say that power talked to them all the time, but you don't hear that so much now. Wolf power makes you strong. Bear power makes you strong too. Some get power from the sun and moon also. When you get it from these you can see all over the world, they say. These shine on everything in the world; that's why. And Morning Star and Evening Star are great things too, they say.

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In the old times there were those who believed they had power from the stars, moon, sun, wind, and clouds. Many believed that these are the best source of power. People can get power from the whirlwind too; the whirlwind has life. All these things are prayed to, and pollen is thrown to them by those who know them. All the stars that are recognized are thought of as personalities, embodying someone who has supernatural power.

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821 825 778 A person can get power from the snake, deer, eagle, hawks, and insects with a stinger. Power also comes from the sun, moon, stars, wind, thunder, and Mountain People, and even from small animals and bugs and ants.

Power can come from lightning, thunder, horse, bear, fox, snake, wind, sun, star, rain, Water Monster, Controller of Water, eagle, crow, insects, owl, and everything you can think of.

Sometimes the power takes the form of an animal . . . a horse, a deer, an antelope, a bear, or any other animal that has four legs, such as a coyote. The deer has life; the horse has life . . .

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(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, pp. 200–207.)

Supernatural power, at least supernatural power of the beneficent kind, may offer those to whom it appears a means of curing the sick, of exposing sorcerers, of finding lost objects, of determining the whereabouts of the enemy, or of succeeding in ventures of warfare, raid, and the hunt. In other words, Chiricahua religion is practical rather than mystical in its primary aims. It is concerned with physical well-being, material abundance, and safety rather than with salvation or morality. This does not mean that the Chiricahua Apache are indifferent to standards of conduct. They have a well-defined moral code and many of its provisions are strict and lofty. Their method of maintaining it, however, is through social understandings, sanctions, and public opinion rather than by reference to religion. Man's blunders in personal or social relations may be remiss and reprehensible but they are not often considered the concern of the supernaturals.

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One day a missionary gave a talk on temperance. He said it was a sin to eat too much or to drink too much. The Chiricahua gathered together after the sermon and talked. They were saying, "What's the matter with that fellow? What's he talking about?" There is nothing in our religion that has this idea. They couldn't understand it.

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(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, pp. 214–216.)

The reality for the Chiricahua of supernatural power or of the vision experience which ends in the acquisition of a ceremony must not be underestimated. Even the younger person who is today rather indifferent about obtaining a ceremony or a guardian spirit for himself is positive about the validity of the experiences of the older, more religiously motivated generation.

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These men really have power. Take my father: he's an old man now and they are taking care of him at the hospital, but he did a lot of good in his day. Men like that really see things. They don't just imagine it. The animals and powers come

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787 right up to them and talk. You and I can't see it or hear it,
778 but they can. Like in one ceremony I saw: the shaman said in one place, "Everything is light. I see a big light." He saw it, but it was a pitch-dark night, and we couldn't see a thing.

771 The Chiricahua, like all people who have developed a religious
778 system, have had, in spite of the religious safeguards which they
756 affirm, to recognise the existence of failure, danger, death, and
794 evil. They account for them by a theory of the plasticity and
182 duality of power. Thus hateful individuals may employ complacent power for malevolent rather than kindly ends. Or the personified source of the power may itself be represented as malicious and may lead weak-willed shamans into dubious practices by deceit, threats, and promises. Therefore it is necessary to be constantly wary of cleverly veiled evil power (sorcery) and of ceremonialists (witches) who are not above using their rituals to harm, betray, or cause illness. Consequently, a substantial part [796] of Chiricahua ceremonialism, perhaps its most dramatic aspect, is the contest with supernatural power between the shamans and the sorcerers. Sometimes a shaman who controls one type of supernatural power, who has been granted a ceremony from a natural force or a heavenly body, for instance, may be suspicious of rituals from contrasting sources, such as the animals of the earth. These views are exemplified in the excerpts which follow:

I came to know that power is not good or bad of itself. It is just power. It can be used for good or evil. It all depends on the
[796] person who has it. Look at the power from the Mountain
532 People. (The Mountain People are mountain-dwelling super-
535 naturals who guard the Chiricahua and their territory from harm. They are impersonated by masked dancers.) The Mountain People are good. They help the Chiricahua. We
[881] have them at the girl's puberty rite. But they can, to the Chiricahua mind, be used for evil too. A good many people think X. is a witch and uses Mountain Spirit power for evil. A good many people will not go through that Mountain Spirit ceremony of his. When it is going on, they get pretty far in the back; they are taking no chances. But there are others who think it is all right, who go through with it and consider X. a shaman.

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There are many kinds of ceremonies, but the real ceremonies are those which deal with the heavenly bodies and forces, like lightning. Ceremonies that pertain to this earth are false, and there is too much of a penalty in holding on to them. They make you pay out something in the end. I consider all ceremonies like those coming from Bear and Horse to be of this earth. Evil power uses the animal as an instrument and gives visions through it. To have an animal appear to a man and speak with him is not a good way. I think that evil represents itself through these animals. The powers of earth are easily learned by any kind of a person; these powers are not particular.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, pp. 208–9.)

Power can be obtained through a personal supernatural experience or, once obtained in this way, it can be perpetuated by the process of instruction and transfer.

A person who wants power does not have to go out alone, fast, or torture himself to induce the power to speak to him. The power speaks to him without any effort on his part. Or this person might ask a shaman to teach him his ceremony. He may get friendly with a shaman and then ask him if he will teach him his songs. Then the shaman "gives" him the songs and prayers. Or someone with power may offer to teach that power to him. These are the three common ways a man might get power.

The transfer of a ceremony is by no means a mechanical matter only. It can be accomplished only with the approval and assistance of the power source concerned.

A ceremony is usually transferred to a son, daughter, or other close relative. But the power has to be consulted before the transfer of a ceremony. If power is satisfied, it is all right. If the person isn't fit for it, the power refuses. This is shown by the fact that the man cannot learn the songs and keep in mind what to do. If the power is willing to have the transfer made, the man will learn the ceremony in less than four days.

Often a shaman, when he is very old, becomes eager to have his

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796 424 son or other close relative learn and carry on his ritual. Not infrequently, however, these kinsmen are uninterested in the rite, and a more ardent candidate is found among outsiders.

My father has been begging my brother to take it (the father's ceremony). My brother has been taking it (over) a little; he has been practicing with the old man and helping him. The old man begged E. (another son) and me to do it too. . . . The old man wants us to take over his ceremony. He said to us, "I want you boys to have it. All you'll have to give me is one steer. I paid a lot more for it when I got it myself." [435]

796 424 787 535 532 [755] I tried to give it (a masked dancer ceremony) to my grandsons, but they didn't want it. They didn't care much for it. Then E. was sick. He appealed to me for help. He asked if the Mountain Spirits could help him in any way. I told him, "Act as one of my masked dancers and perhaps it will help you." He danced and got well. Then later Mountain Spirits appeared to E. in a dream. They were dressed and designed like my masked dancers. He told me about it. I knew what it was for. I told him, "Well, you can use the outfits with me and carry the ceremony on." Then E. saw in a vision that the Mountain People wanted him to have the ceremony, so I turned it over to him. He took it very seriously. He now knows the songs and has the right to carry on the ceremony. It took him four days to learn it. He learned the songs thoroughly again in a dream after he was taught them by me. He has full rights now. Both he and I have the (masked dancer) outfits now; both of us use them. We do not make two sets of masked dancers but share in the making of one set. But he could do it all alone now. I do not even have to be present.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, pp. 210–11.)

787 778 [796] When a ceremony is acquired through a personal supernatural experience, it is the power or power source that usually takes the initiative, though the individual approached has the right to reject the offer if he sees fit. This is apparent from the following discussion of the manner in which a young man is prepared for a vision experience.

Perhaps some day you will be out alone. Something will talk to

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you. If you see that it is a real power, take it. If it is earthly and little, don't take it. It will be of great use to you if it is a real power. 787 798

The instructor will try to make him see how to tell what is great and what is little. He will say, "Such a power spoke to me when I was young, but it was nothing; I did not take it. But another power spoke to me and it was great." Yet the young man has to decide for himself whether a power is worth while when he hears something, for nobody can tell for another person whether what has spoken to him has worthwhile power or not.

Nor can a power grant be induced by desire or special modes of action. The ways of power and its reasons for preferring some of the persons it approaches are sometimes inexplicable.

It's just like this. There is an English-speaking Indian here. He grows long hair and tries to live the way we did in the old days. He has been carrying turquoise around and everything. He wants to be a big man in ceremonies, that's why. But he doesn't amount to anything. [156]

We can't do anything about it by ourselves, you and I. We might not believe what some others claim about their experiences. We might be sitting here saying, "It's all a lie." Then a spirit might talk to us. Then we'd believe. We'd say, "Well, it happened all right." And we'd have to believe it. We might not believe some man who claims that something spoke to him, and he might be telling the truth. You've got to watch and see which man's power is good.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, pp. 202–3.)

Once an understanding is achieved between a power source and a shaman, the Chiricahua derives many benefits. One of these advantages is that the power often acts as a guardian spirit to warn of dangers or to advise concerning undertakings. A shaman seldom initiates anything important without praying and singing to his power and waiting for a sign or a response. This, for example, is the pledge a power source made to a shaman at the time their association began: 756 787 798 [782]

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"Live around here. I will be around here with your daughter. One day when you go to war I will be by your side, but you won't see me. If you see a crow fly, it will be I. If you see a coyote, it will be I. If you want to go to war or on a raid, come here first and even if I am not here, talk, and I will be here. Tell me where you are going and ask my advice. Go home. The next day I will draw a picture of what you will get. I will draw deer tracks, horse tracks, and show where you are going to get them. If you see cattle or horse tracks, it means you will get plenty."

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, p. 214.)

Immunity from some of the ordinary perils is another of the benefits which usually accompanies shamanism.

Some men use hawk feathers for arrows, but some are afraid. You have to know power to do it. Only a hawk shaman would do it. It's the same with the buzzard. Not everybody could use the feathers. Formerly the Chiricahua could get very sick from the buzzard.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, p. 214.)

The principal function and attribute of the possessor of a power grant, however, is to cure sickness, and the Chiricahua who is able to practice an effective curing ceremony earns respect and even riches.

When I was a boy, a good shaman was highly respected. These are the ones who are known to have kind hearts and that nobody calls witches. A good shaman is wealthy, for he's out curing and everybody gives him something for his cures.

If sickness strikes and special knowledge and ceremony are required, a shaman is hired. It is accepted that he or one of his fellow ceremonialists will, through the cooperation of supernatural power, learn the cause of the difficulty and the proper course of action. The service of supernatural power may range from producing a simple herbal remedy to revealing the identity of a sorcerer.

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When anybody gets sick, they dig up herbs and give them to him. If he doesn't get better, they get a shaman to sing for him. If this doesn't help, they get a wiser man and he finds out what is really wrong; he gets a vision of what medicine is needed, and he tells the family to go out and get the right herbs. If he sees a witch in his vision, they bring the witch to cure the man.

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How two shamans who had power from the same source and were jointly conducting a rite discovered the proper medicine to give a patient is told in one narrative.

They had to find out what was best to give to the one who was sick. So they performed their ceremony in this way. They put buckskin, white as snow, before them. Then they held feathers and said, "Now listen, all of you. We have asked what it is best to use. Listen and listen and wait and wait, and you will hear something coming; you will hear something falling." Then we heard it on the roof, and it dropped on the buckskin before them. "Now here's your medicine," they said. Then they asked their power how to give it, whether it should be ground up or what. They found this out from their power too. But I saw them fail in many cases too. I don't know why. It looks as though they should have been able to cure any disease, being as strong as that. But they failed sometimes. Maybe they gave up purposely.

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The belated attempt of one of these same practitioners to find a remedy which would stem an epidemic of influenza is described in another account.

Now he sang songs about different medicines. He sang about one herb and then another. There was no sign that any of these would help. Then he started on the trees. He got to juniper. Then he stopped. His power had showed him that juniper was good. "What kind of juniper?" he asked. His power told him to name the junipers. "Alligator bark juniper?" he asked. "No." "Rock juniper?" It was not right either. "One-seeded juniper?" "You've got it," said his power. He started another song. Right at the beginning he stopped. He nodded. "There are four," he said, "'slim medicine' (*Perezia wrightii*), sumac, piñon, and one-seeded juniper. The roots of the first two can be used and the needles of the last two.

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Use these and it won't hurt you." But death was around already and he didn't sing any more. My family got busy. We pounded up a whole sack of the needles of the one-seeded juniper, and others did it too.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, p. 223.)

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Usually, however, it is enough if the shaman simply performs his ceremony as he has learned it from his power source; if he chants his prayers, sings his songs, and manipulates his sacred substances in the correct manner he may expect that the power source will be gratified and will intercede to restore the patient to health.

[158] P. went to see this boy who was a lunatic. They had to catch the boy every afternoon, for he had a fit and was a danger. After praying, P. made the cross and put pollen in the boy's mouth. When he started, the boy was tied hand and foot to the bed. P. sang the songs for him. After he had finished his ceremony, the boy was all right. He works now and is still well.

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The shaman feels the importance of his position and must protect the dignity of his power source as well. Therefore his services must be requested humbly and in a prescribed manner.

[551] When you need the help of a shaman you call his name (the personal name is used only in emergencies), plead with him, and put a cross of pollen on his foot. Then there is no question about it; he must help you.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, p. 258.)

A successful shaman is paid liberally at the conclusion of a cure, but even before a rite may begin, ceremonial payment to the power source must be made.

His power always requires special things for a shaman to cure with, and you must have these ready. If you don't know what these are and don't want to ask him (some shamans don't like to say anything about what you must pay them), you must go to someone he has cured to find out what to give him when

These staffs figure in ceremonies. The shaman is directed how to make them by his power. They may be decorated with feathers or with something pertaining to the ceremony of the one who makes it, perhaps a snake or lightning. They vary in size.

A shaman can hear from the power through the turquoise and feather. When the shaman prays he uses the feather. If the feather raises itself, he knows the prayer is heard. If the turquoise moves, it is the same.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, pp. 260–61.)

The shaman makes certain that any spectators at the ceremony he conducts are reverent and well-behaved. Not infrequently there are special obligations which remind the on-looker of the solemnity of the occasion. About these insistences, a younger, socially-minded Chiricahua explained:

> It was pretty hard for us younger people to attend. There are always restrictions on everyone who is there. For some ceremonies you can't leave before it is all over for that evening; for some you can't sleep. So we didn't care so much to be at these curing ceremonies. But we always went to the girl's puberty rite, for you could always have a good time there.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, p. 259.)

The source of power, speaking through the shaman, usually places some food or behavior restriction on the patient. Failure to observe this is construed as carelessness or levity in respect to the rite and is likely to lead to a relapse. Many of the failures to cure permanently are explained in this way. Some of the most common post-ritual restrictions are summarized in these statements:

> The shaman has his reasons. He doesn't always tell the patients why, but he tells them to keep the paint (which has been applied during the ceremony) on for so many days before taking it off.

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When a shaman finishes a curing ceremony over you, he gives 756
you directions about things that you must not do or eat. . . . 784
Restrictions that I have seen put on people are these: the [262]
person must not let anyone stand to the east of him; he must not let anyone cast a shadow on him; he must not eat meat from a cow's head; he must not eat liver; he must not eat bacon; if someone gives him a piece of fruit and it drops, he must not pick it up again and eat it.

If you are sick the shaman might tell you, "Don't let anyone stand to the east of you, in the way of the sun." Then you don't like it and tell anyone doing it to sit down. Some have a restriction that no one can stand over them; others that no one can stretch out his feet before them.

(*See also An Apache Life-Way*, pp. 265–266.)

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From what has already been described it is evident that, in 778
the view of the Chiricahua Apache, the usefulness and success of the shaman are directly related to the rapport he establishes with the power which has chosen to "work through him." If his power is somehow alienated or angered, the ceremonialist will pray and sing his sacred songs in vain. Therefore a Chiricahua is extremely circumspect when referring to his power. An in- [829]
formant expressed some wonder that "the white man in his swearing uses things and people that he says he believes in and calls holy. When a Chiricahua swears, he mentions only things he fears and hates." In making decisions which involve his cere- 756
mony a shaman's power must be consulted. This is vividly re- 778
vealed in the musings of the shaman who had misgivings over 787
discussing details of ceremonial lore.

It is a big thing to me. I'm afraid of it. Something is holding me back. I might put myself in trouble with the power . . . and today I feel that the power is holding on. I feel in my heart and mind that something is holding me back. I'm afraid. Tonight I am going to sing to my power. I am going to ask about the things that I have given (told) you. "Is it right to do that?" I am going to ask my power. I don't know what you are going to do with this (information) but Power will tell

me about it. So tonight I will sing and talk to my power to find out whether it is all right to go on with it.

The lightest punishment for somehow offending the source of power is the loss of its cooperation and the voiding of the ceremony. Some Chiricahua fear misfortune and persecution by the power, in addition.

A person keeps his power by obeying his power source, by not leaving out anything. It is just as if you had men working under you; you like the man who does everything just so, but you turn out the man who doesn't carry out everything as you direct. If the mistake is not made intentionally the shaman and members of his family are not in danger, though.

When they have a ceremony, they always have to do it exactly right, and when they don't do it right, there is sickness or death in the family. I have noticed that if the rules are not followed just so, trouble comes.—a death or something. Power takes one of their family. That is why some people reject power when it is offered and want to remain as they are. There is a big penalty for not doing exactly what is laid down. If a shaman makes mistakes, says the prayers wrong, or something like that, he must repeat them.

(See also *An Apache Life-Way*, pp. 207–10.)

Normally, however, the Chiricahua shaman views his close association with his power source in a positive light. It provides him with a basis for appealing to supernatural power in time of emergency, for pleading with power, cajoling it, and even scolding it for non-performance of duty when it fails to heal or help.